...TRIC BELT
...EY.
No. 357,647
...N.Y. Feb. 1887.
INVENTED BY PROF. R.H.VANDEWEYDE PRES. N.Y. ELECTRICAL SOCIETY & LATE PROF OF CHEMISTRY N.Y. MEDICAL COLLEGE.
...o announce to
...ers will for
...e away to those
...Good agents one
...w Electro Belts
...er or postals
...immediate
...key Mfg.
...lectric Belt Agency
...above offer, and would advise all ...once to the GERMAN ELECTRIC ...LYN, N. Y. Mentioning this paper.

...RE
Farm for Sale.

The farm of the late Isaiah Percy, situated in West Bath, one and a half miles from the city, containing about one hundred acres, divided into tillage, pasture and a valuable wood lot, estimated to be twelve hundred cords, fully one-half hard wood, beside quite an amount of hard, spruce and pine timber; a two-story house and ell, carriage house and barn, also a building fitted for a soap factory. It affords an opportunity to secure a home and a business in a good locality, at a bargain. Inquire of JOHN P. COBB, Bowdoin-ham, or T. B. PERCY, Portland. 47tf

...EPSIA.
...April 6, 1889.
...re are any bitters
...Atwood's. I
...g for my stomach
...an use my name
...y any. I remain,
...ruly,
...H. JOHNSON.

FOR SALE

One 65 acre farm, 4 miles from Kennebec bridge, in Augusta; young orchard, well watered and wooded, good buildings and excellent land. Price $2500.

One 65 acre farm, 3½ miles from Kennebec bridge, in Augusta; good land, good buildings, well watered, &c. Price $1700.

One 60 acre farm, 4 miles from Kennebec bridge in Augusta, fine place. Price $1600.

One 140 acre farm in Vassalboro, 9 miles from Augusta; splendid land, sugar orchard, apple orchard of engrafted fruit, well watered and wooded, two sets of buildings in excellent repair; cuts 50 tons of hay. Price $4000.

One 275 acre place in Somerville, 15 miles from Augusta; good land, large lot of wood and timber, well watered, two sets of buildings in fair repair. Price $4000.

Also a number of other places varying in price from $500 to $4000.

Also a large number of houses and lots of land in Augusta, varying in price from $400 to $4000. Apply to

E. W. WHITEHOUSE, Atty., P. O. Box 38.
April 27, 1887. 24tf Augusta, Me

Messenger's Notice.

Office of the Sheriff of Kennebec County, Oct. 11, A. D. 1889.

STATE OF MAINE—KENNEBEC ss: This is to give notice that on the ninth day of October A. D 1889, a Warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Kennebec, against the estate of ISAAC M. ATKINSON, resident of the city of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, and State aforesaid, upon the petition of said Debtor which petition was filed on the ninth day of October, A. D. 1889, to which date interest on claims is to be computed; That the payment of any debts to or by said Debtor, and the transfer and delivery of any property by him are forbidden by law; That a meeting of the Creditors of said Debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency to be holden at Probate Court House in said Augusta, on the twenty-eight day of October, A. D. 1889, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.
G. T. STEVENS,
Sheriff, as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Kennebec.
2149

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of September, 1889.*

DANIEL O. DEARBORN, Executor of the last will and testament of HILDA WHITTIER, late of Vienna, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account as executor of said will for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of October next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 45tf

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of September, 1889.*

On petition for the appointment of EMERY O. BEAN, Administrator of the estate of ASHAEL GILMAN, late of Monmouth, deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of October next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

Notice of Assignee of his Appointment.

At Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, and State of Maine, the twenty-third day of September, A. D., 1889.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the estate of Samuel H. Graves of Smyrna, in said county of Kennebec, Insolvent Debtor, who has been declared an Insolvent upon his petition by the Court of Insolvency, for said county of Kennebec.

EMERY O. BEAN, Assignee.
2148

KENNEBEC COUNTY ....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of September, 1889.*

SAMUEL TITCOMB, Administrator with will annexed on the estate of CHARLES P. KIMBALL, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having represented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of October next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 47

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of September, 1889.*

ALFRED GILSON, Guardian of WALTER H. BLAISDELL of Oakland, in said county, minor, having presented his second account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of October next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 47

...REMEDIES.
...ses, Constipation ...he. Price 15 cents. ...for all the ...Coughs, ...Colds ...for Sunburn, Tan, Chapped Lips and ...moves Corn on ...cond application.
...emedy, for ... 15 cents.
...ruises, Burns, ...matism, and ...
...cie, Ind. 13842*

...oods
...LES
...RKETS.
...nents forwarded, ...given by ... & CO., ... Boston, Mass. ...n & Co., London, ...1845

The undersigned of Mt. Vernon rod ...lumber for build ...pickets, boards, ...ing and wood ...ard wood flooring. ...his lumber will be ...Gardiner, at his ...attract attention ...also dry the ...ess LOVEJOY. 19447

...eated without the ...ss of the knife ...r detention from ...the Rectum. Cure ...(Harvard 1843), and ...ard 1876), Evans ...eet, Boston. Re- ...s. Send for pam- ...
...PILES

...GULATOR
...rse-Powders.

...WELL ...ARE ...MAINE

...DA

...L PILLS. ...OND BRAND. ...ladies. Ladies, ask ...Brand Pill and take ...no substitute. Sold ...by mail. Name Paper ...Diamond Brand ...Philadelphia, Pa. 347

...woman who suf- ...from female troubles ...to let the Ladies ...and inexpensive, ...package) paid ...ONARD, Box 587, ...Mich.*

...Sewing Machine. ...ent. Catalogues ...Address HOUSE ...Me. 20533

...ANTED. ...ANTED. ...ANTED.

...ANTED. ...ANTED. ...ANTED.

...ANTED. ...ANTED. ...ANTED.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Oct. 24, 1889.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞ Postage free to all subscribers.

Subscriptions to the *Maine Farmer* may be made through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co., at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for your subscription, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to send the paper for any stated time, free of any charge, except the usual fee for issuing the order. This is the safest and best way to place your subscriptions.

J. W. BALL, Agent.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Aroostook county.

MR. H. L. LELAND of East Sangerville, is now calling upon our subscribers in Piscataquis county.

MR. F. W. COLE is now calling upon our subscribers in Lincoln county.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Sagadahoc county.

At Fleetwood, Aubine and mate were driven a mile in 2.16 lacking only one-half second of the best time ever made to harness, that is Maud S. and Aldine, 2.15½.

Philadelphia's public schools have a rather broad curriculum. They are now teaching 30,000 girls how to sew, and about the same number are also being taught at the public expense, the art of cooking.

Harold F. Roberts retired from the editorial and business management of the *Rockland Free Press* with last week's issue. He seeks a milder climate. Rev. Mr. Holman is the present editor of the paper.

The annual meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society will be held this year in Bangor, occurring the last week in December, when prominent teachers from all sections of Maine will gather.

It is currently reported that arrangements are being perfected for a race over Fleetwood Park, between Belle Hamlin, Nelson and Alcryon. If it is to be held at all, it will be in the immediate future.

Everything seems now to point to Chicago as the place for the world's grand exposition to be held in 1892. Her citizens have already subscribed about eight millions of dollars, while New York is still talking and promising.

Worthy Master Roble and Mrs. Roble will leave for California to attend the annual session of the National Grange, one week from next Friday. Mr. Roble says that the report from Maine will be the best ever submitted from the State.

Hon Parker P. Burleigh had on exhibition at the recent fair at Prince Edward Island, the Rigby Potato Digger which elicited great interest among the heavy potato raisers. The Digger will meet with a big sale on the Island, as it has elsewhere.

Edgemark, the four-year-old owned by Col. H. S. Russell, Boston, was sent to beat his record of 2.19¾, at Lexington, and covered the distance in 2.16, thus setting the seal of merit on this son of Victor Von Bismark, and proving the wisdom of the purchase.

The students of Johns Hopkins University talk of adopting the motar-board cap and the black gown used in the English universities, and the faculty are said to favor the movement. One of the arguments in favor of the gown is that it will enable the fellows to wear their old clothes in public without mortification.

General John F. Hartranft, ex-governor of Pennsylvania, died at his residence at Norristown, Pa., Thursday. He was a man of vigorous character, who made a great reputation both in peace and war, for energy and courage. He was at one time candidate before the national republican convention for nomination to the office of President of the United States.

The country has never been lovelier than during these autumn days, running through September's beauties, and culminating in October's glories. There has been a dreamy unreality in the splendor of the atmosphere, when the sun has glinted through the many tinted leaves, making beauty all around, giving such a glimpse of glory that for a few passing moments one's life's sombre setting seemed to fade away. But it was only for a passing moment, for the autumnal frosts and the icy breath of the north winds have ruined the beauties of the garden and the forest, and the earth is being made ready for the clammy touch of November, and the winding sheets of winter.

Our old and respected subscriber, Mr. Elijah Comins, who was born the 1st of January, 1807, sends us the following interesting note:

"The undesigned has taken the *Maine Farmer* since its first issue in Winthrop in 1833, and at our late club fair I had one of the second volume, 1834, (not being able to find any of the first volume) tacked to one of the present volumes, showing its growth in the fifty-five years. It was then done up in four leaves and the printed pages measured 8 by 11 inches. They drew quite an amount of attention and many remarks from your old subscribers, who thought it had grown intellectually as well as in size. We are well pleased with the old *Farmer* and its managers."

The seventy-nine public schools in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., received an object lesson in patriotism, the other day, by the presentation of a United States flag to each of the schools. These flags will be kept on exhibition in the school houses, and used at parades, etc. Here is a suggestion to all the schools of the country. Assuredly there cannot be too much emphasis laid on the inculcation of patriotic ideas in the young. From that time on, the flag, as a stand-point, the history of all it means to us and the world could be taught; the struggles of the fathers to plant it here on freedom's shores, the later conflicts to preserve it in all its integrity, and all the other lessons the presence of "Old Glory" suggests; so that the common schools may not only graduate scholars, but intelligent patriots.

One of the most gigantic trusts ever organized in this country is about to be formed. If its plan of organization is not already completed. It contemplates the entire control of barbed wire and ordinary wire. The head of the monopoly is Washburn of the iron and wire manufacturing firm of Washburn, Moen & Co. of Worcester, Mass. There are in the United States but five mills that manufacture the rods from which all kinds of wire are drawn. With these five mills Washburn has gone into a combination, and has taken into the pool, besides, all the pullers and drawers of rods and wire nail manufacturers. There are also 43 mills engaged in barbing wire. Eleven of these have been taken into the combine, and the others left out in the cold. Barbed wire is to be advanced $8 per ton and a proportionate increase ordered on all other kinds of wire.

The long prevailing controversy among the Congregationalists of this country over belief in probation after death, which has had a somewhat depressing effect upon the foreign mission enterprises of that great body, has the past week had a happy termination, by mutual concessions, in the American Board of Foreign Missions, which has been in session. This has been brought about by the statesmanlike action of the learned Dr. Storrs, whose unerring instinct and consummate tact were brought into requisition, and were equal to the emergency. By this action disputes on minor matters have been laid aside, factions have been drawn closer together, and a way has been opened for a satisfactory adjustment, by conciliatory processes, of all matters which have been exciting disturbance and unrest in the churches. Congregationalism is stronger to-day than it was when the sessions opened. Faith in the renewal of missionary evangelization on a larger scale, and with old-time Christian zeal, has been greatly invigorated.

AN INVITING FIELD OF LABOR. Probably no more enthusiastic, intelligent and active body of Christian men and women ever assembled in convention in Maine, than those composing the State Sunday School convention which met in this city last week. The thoughtful men and women composing that body came together, not for a "good time," but for solid instruction, and with pencil and paper made copious notes of the points and suggestions of able speakers that would be helpful in their various fields of labor. The Sunday School is becoming more and more recognized as one of the most helpful and efficient agencies in the moral and religious training of the youth. Indeed, it is the only place where one-half of the children receive their only religious training. In view of this fact, all people interested in moral movements will be glad to learn from the report of the Secretary of the State Convention, that the past year has been one of Sunday School progress in Maine. "The county work," says the report, "is at several points greatly improved. Androscoggin has a devoted band of friends of the Sunday School in its limits. Especially we want to note before this convention the grand move made in Lewiston and Auburn by the formation of the Superintendents' Union. This organization has entered upon a line of practical work at once. Cumberland, the oldest, and in many respects at the head of our list of counties, is thoroughly awake. In the last two years this county has come right up to where it ought to be, and its banner is flowing out to the whole State with "Forward" for its watchword. Cumberland has done much, but it will do still more. The superintendents' Union of Portland is the strong lever by which we are lifting the whole county, and through this we are largely operating through the whole State. In Cumberland township conventions have been inaugurated with promising results, and this movement will be pushed. We mean to know fully and work thoroughly the whole territory by township and school district."

The society makes the following recommendations: "A thorough and complete canvass of the State for the facts and figures of the Sunday School situation. That steps be taken with promptness and vigor to secure the organization of the unorganized counties, and to bring together the Sunday School workers of the towns. That the association put itself in touch with the county organizations by at least providing for the attendance of one of its officers at every annual convention. That this association lend its best endeavors to place Maine in the list of the banner States in the next International convention by aiding and stimulating the remaining counties to organize without fail by June, 1890. That the State association place in the field a secretary, or field worker, whose efforts for the entire year, or such part of it as is deemed wise, shall be given to feasible work along the whole line of Sunday School effort.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Rev. Geo. B. Illsley, Bangor.
Vice Presidents—Rev. J. B. Jordan, Augusta; Rev. W. F. Berry, Farmington, and Rev. H. F. White, Bath.
Secretary—Rev. B. P. Snow, Willard.
Treasurer—H. H. Nevins, Woodfords.
Executive Committee—E. S. Everett, Portland; Rev. C. D. Crane, Newcastle; Ira G. Hersey, Houlton; Rufus Deering, Portland; Rev. E. M. Cousens, Cumberland Mills.

Finance Committee—R. H. Drummond, Waterville; H. H. Nevins, Woodfords; E. S. Everett, Portland; W. L. Daggett, Strong; J. H. Robinson, Bangor.

The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That we deem it highly important that an association should be formed in every county in this State; and that the Sunday School Convention and Teachers' Association should be sustained, and we will personally aid in this work.

Resolved, That we approve the introduction of the Temperance Lesson into the series of the International Sunday School Lessons.

Resolved, That the pledge of entire abstinence from the use of alcoholic drinks should be presented in the Sunday Schools, and that every scholar should be enrolled in the army of temperance.

Resolved, That our thanks are warmly extended to those who, from abroad and in our own State, have so ably addressed this convention.

Resolved, That we feel deeply grateful to this church and society for the use of their house of worship during the session of this convention; to the people of Augusta for their generous hospitality; to the pastors, superintendents and Sunday School workers of this city for the aid they have rendered to this convention; to the press for its useful; also to the various railroads for reduction of fares, and also to the press for helping the work of our convention.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE KENNEBEC RIVER. Unless our readers have sailed down river, the past season, with their eyes open, they cannot be aware of the radical and marked improvements undertaken by the United States government, and now being carried forward on the Kennebec, in order to make it a thoroughly navigable river. It is determined to put it in such a condition that the vessels, big and little, which are so numerous in its waters, can sail up and down without being hauled over the bottom a portion of the distance. Operations were begun in June, and the jetty system was adopted. The work at Hatch's shoals, in the west channel about a mile below Richmond village, was completed about a month ago, and the result is now awaited. By the increased current created, it is expected that the channel will be scoured out and a depth of over sixteen feet of water secured. Already an improvement has been noted, and the United States Inspector, who recently visited the works, states that he found an improvement of six inches in depth. The contractors are now employed on the east side of Swan Island, jetting Beef Rock shoal. All the stone for the jetties is ground at Reed's ledge on the east shore, and three steam drills are kept in operation, dynamite being employed in the blasting. Seventy men are employed, and they will close this season's operations with this month. They resume again in the spring, and expect to complete their contract in August. Mr. Wheeler, of the firm, is superintending the works. Speaking of sawdust, Mr. Wheeler says the emptying of so much refuse into the river by mill men has been of immense damage to the river as a navigable stream; the flats and bars where he is at work are filled with it, and sawdust has contributed in no small part towards raising them.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES. The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture announces the following institutes for the first week in November: Tuesday, Nov. 5th, at Central Grange Hall, Foxcroft, Piscataquis county. Wednesday, Nov. 6th, at Bradford, Penobscot county. The Secretary will be assisted at the above meetings by Prof. J. W. Sanborn, late Dean of the Missouri Agricultural College, R. W. Ellis, President of the Board, and L. Brown, Esq., Belfast. At Bradford the effort is being made to start a creamery, and the general subject of dairying will be the leading work of the day at that place. Friday, Nov. 8th, at Excelsior Grange Hall, Poland, Androscoggin county. Saturday, Nov. 9th, at Windham, Cumberland county. Prof. Sanborn and President Ellis will also lecture at these two institutes, and in addition papers will be read by the member from Oxford, B. W. McKeen, and F. S. Adams, the member from Sagadahoc. For full programme see posters in each locality. Institutes are being held in Aroostook and Washington counties the present week.

At the present session of the Governor and Council, a hearing was given on the petition for the pardon of Charles H. Keenan, a convict in the State prison, under sentence for murder, committed nearly 23 years ago. The matter was tabled, but there is no doubt but a pardon will be granted. The petitioners for the appointment of a special committee at Richmond, for the enforcement of the liquor law, had leave to withdraw.

At the Aroostook County Fair, Hon. Parker P. Burleigh took first premiums on Wealthy, Yellow Belleflower, Talman Sweets, Garden Royal, English and Golden Russets, and in fact, on nearly all the leading varieties of apples.

The first case of tuberculosis in Livermore Falls and vicinity was discovered Wednesday, in a cow owned by Frank Warren. It was killed by order of State Veterinarian, George Bailey, of Portland.

The annual meeting of the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance, was held at Waterville, yesterday. There are 29 lodges in the State, with a total membership of 1891.

ADVANTAGES OF HOME LIFE AND AGRICULTURE IN MAINE OVER THE WEST. A large public meeting of Grangers and others, was held at the Town Hall in Burnham, last Saturday evening, to listen to their friend and neighbor, Mr. I. C. Libby, on the above subject. We regard it as a special favor to our readers, that we are able to give them a full report of Mr. Libby's admirable address. It is of intense interest, and a careful reading of it will serve to make the people of Maine more contented with their lot. Mr. Libby said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I wish to present a few facts for your consideration, which I hope will be of some benefit, as I regard that it takes the whole of us to know the whole, and our exchange of ideas may be profitable. It is one of the fundamental principles of this order, the Grange, to meet often together to compare notes and get new ideas, and the organization is meant to reach out farther, and bring about concentrated action, which, at the present time, seems so essential to the protection of the tillers of the soil of New England. We hear it said that the Grange organization is non-political, which should be a recognized fact, to some extent, as our members are made up out of all political parties, yet it would be an insane idea for Grangers not to take an interest in politics, and a wise one to study them, too, as at the present age legislation, both in State and Nation, restricts or increases our prosperity. So that every true Granger should be a working political worker, not for old parties, but in selecting such men as are true to the interests of our farmers—men who cannot be bought, sold or bulldozed. Finally, it is a high time we were bringing ourselves here more ways than one. We hear a general clamor that farming does not pay, which is not correct, but the business can be made more prosperous, even here in Maine, than it now is may be by the assistance of the Grange organization, which is fast coming to the front in numbers and power. When we consider our numbers, 60,000 farmers of Maine, our dormant power is as apparent as that of the elephant, whose might exceeds that of any other animal, yet not knowing his enormous strength, he is controlled and bound by a thread. The farmers of this country are its kings, and can be its rulers, while all other avocations are wholly dependent on us for their very existence, yet they in some instances tread us under their heels, all for the want of more Grange work, or a better concentration among the agriculturists of this country. What is the order of the day? Boards of trade that dictate prices for the necessaries of life, and allow gamblers to disturb the prices of the very staff of life, our bread stuff. While we have laws making it a crime to gamble for money, which injures no one but the participant, yet we have no laws to reach a class of gamblers that augment the price of the very bread you eat, which unless we can and will remedy all this, We have to contend with trusts. To-day the poor sick patient is obliged to pay a double price for sugar with which to sweeten medicines. Every one of this audience are slaves to a sugar trust. And now, while I do not believe in trusts, I do believe "what is good for the goose is good for the gander," and as we here in New England, yes, here in Maine, have articles that are necessities, why not form a trust and dictate prices, as do these other trusts? The markets must have our Aroostook potatoes at whatever cost, and the dairymen of Maine, produces more and better potatoes than all of New England besides; and why not make the markets pay for them? which can be done just as well as an over stocked sugar market can double up the price. It is done by thorough organization and concentration. If the farmers of Maine were as well organized as the speculators, there would be a more true course of trade, and pervert the workings of supply and demand, our hay crop, which is Maine's staple crop, could be dispersed of during the year at a price, which would help out, as we know. The market must have eastern hay, if they pay sharp for it.

Our live stock has always been handled on the principle of going it blind. Drovers have no board of trade or chamber of commerce. If we all make money this week on our shipments of stock, why look out for a break down the next, as no one knows what his neighbor will buy. It is intelligent, concentrated action that is necessary to place our cattle on the markets evenly and at a fair price. Our dairy interests, which is the life blood of our future, are getting to hold a prominent place in the markets of the world. And right here let me remark, that although we farmers of Maine are responsible for the great devastation of our beef interests, the facts are the West has done us a favor in supplying this very essential article of food at so low a price as to preclude its production here on a profitable basis, with which the dairy farmers from New York, they state as a fact that they are so well pleased and paid by dairying that they would not go back to the production of beef at any cost per pound. We are not in a corn belt of country, and never did and never can produce beef at a profit. Not so with our dairy interests. Maine, our green hillside pastures, out of which gush boiling springs of pure water, not stagnant with alkali, as are those of many of the Western States, and our clean barns and close herding are the bound to win us, as it did with a vengeance. My son, with his crews, fought fire three days and three nights without sleep or food, in the smoke and heat, while it was 100° in the shade, till the third night about midnight a change was apparent, the thermometer fell rapidly, and in the short space of one hour they found themselves exposed to a wintry blast, and bloody snow storm had come to their relief, a most remarkable climatic change from heat to cold incident to that wild northern country. Had not this opportune change stayed the fire flames, we should undoubtedly have been in the same condition as Sambo's master. An old timer, Mr. Lamont, told me an incident of the devastating fires in section of country in close proximity to his ranch by a collision. In this enticing West, where the sun sinks below the everlasting Rockies, the inhabitants use various precautions, one of which is to dig a spacious hole in the ground, in which to take refuge when visited by these phenomenal cloud bursts. Mr. Lamont's nearest neighbor was a Southerner, who started in the cattle business in this new country, and had taken along for help his old negro servants, eleven in number. He had prospered, and was the owner of a large herd of cattle. The cyclone referred to took a direct path across his ranch, and whirled houses, cattle and men into the air, killing the entire crew, cattle, and all, except Sambo, who happened to be outside of the building, and when it had passed, visited and viewed this complete destruction, and then hurried down to Lamont's, the next ranch, who had noticed the track of the whirlwind and feared the result. Sambo galloped in and told his tale of horror, when Lamont remarked, "Is it possible? Not one man or anything saved!" The darkey, with his eyes rolling, staring the white all around, said, "Oh, yes, Massa Lamont, we have saved the hole in the ground," which would undoubtedly been the case with us had we had the foresight to dig one, and so we should have owned a hole in Montana.

What tempts men to leave their cozy homes and sometimes families, to rough it in this wild country? Money is the answer, very little of which is of any use to its owner. How much more wisdom is shown by the young or middle aged man to settle down here in Maine and be contented with small gains and a life of happiness and comfort? Hardly ever a young man comes back, even if it were his intention. He catches on to those wild western, rovers, the life and freedom delivered by Rev. Dr. Oscar S. Safford of Boston, after which came the appointment of the usual committees. The twenty-first annual report of Rev. G. G. Hamilton, Secretary of schools throughout the State to be in a prosperous condition. An interesting paper on "Missionary Work of the Sunday School Convention," by Rev. H. S. Whitman, was followed by remarks. There was an interesting address on "The Home and the Sunday School," by Rev. A. B. Meservey, D. D., of Bangor. Twitchell elects of corn this year, often me the whole crop, loaded on the cars, at 15 cents per bushel, or in other words at $6 per acre, as his corn will average two bushels. Six dollars per acre for plowing, harrowing, planting, furnishing seed, cultivating, husking, shelling and putting into an elevator. Why, neighbor farmers, on my farm at Burnham, I have had the privilege of some note to plant, cultivate and harvest one acre, for which I paid him $27.50, and he is cheeky enough to ask me to make it up to $30. Now would not that look like a western farm? As I have been in the West, I will state a fact, that if any man would subject himself to the privations endured in the early days of the cattle kings, and ride in the same kind of a carriage, live in the same kind of a house, sleep in the same kind of a bed and live on the same kind of food, if he could manage to evade the cliffers of the law and an incarceration in one of the insane asylum, he would surely get rich in Maine. It is a given fact that New England furnishes more fine homes and more solid comforts that go to make this short earthly existence pleasant than anywhere in the wide world, and Maine stands at the head of the class of the six New England States. Where can be found with clear, gurgling streams of pure water, emptying into her thousand beautiful inland lakes, with her long reach of sea coast and her archipelago of beautiful islands, she can rightfully claim to be the Switzerland of America. Our climate, though varied, is far ahead of a southern, where the hot winds scorch, and the cattle race so much trouble—I refer to the cider apple. As drinking cider is fast going out of date, it seems to be a puzzle what to do with the apple crop. In many instances the farmers of Maine, take the sour little things into your politics. Don't vote for a Senator or Representative next season who will stand for free cider, as it is the ruin of our age, but as vinegar. Congress made laws against oleomargarine, which is simply legislating against the steer in favor of the cow. Our State has doctored the cider law and they have made it possible for our manufacturers to place in every grocery store in the land a drug called vinegar, manufactured of acids that will poison you every time. Make your own vinegar, healthy cider vinegar, unadulterated, from the channels of trade. This legislation must and will remedy.

Now, my friends, I wish to call your attention to is mixed farming, being "Jack at all trades and good at none." This mixed husbandry is a relic of old times and new countries, when the necessaries of life were the subjects of barter for the necessaries of life. Then it was necessary to raise a patch of flax, and to card and spin a few fleeces of wool. The crops raised must be diversified, and every article of use produced by each family, as it was the staff and necessities of life, not money and the luxuries, that contribute so much to the happiness of modern homes that those early pioneers, who felled the forests and laid the foundation for all these well tilled, highly improved farms, sought. But now how changed. The spinning wheel and the hemp wheel are among the implements of the past, stored away in the lonely attic to brood over its usefulness and the ungrateful generation of the present time different sections of this country are better adapted to the growth of certain kinds of crops than others, and the immense railroad systems bring these things close to our doors, which changes the whole question, and the farmer thinks now-a-days of raising his own wheat or corn? And we must add to this catalogue of abandoned products by the farmer, sheep husbandry. All of these articles can be laid down at our doors very much cheaper than we can produce them. In other words, we can purchase our beef, pork, mutton, lamb, veal, sweet corn and dairy products, and sell the same and buy these abandoned products, and make great savings. So it must be apparent to every one that we can not keep in the old ruts, but must follow by our ancestors, but must generate new ideas, study and practice new methods. The old backwoods sheep husbandry must be changed to high fattening process, and knowledge of our animals and their profits must take the place of the old fashioned way of going it blind. Our farming must be put under system, and farm accounts must take the place of our forefather's yearly general results. This intelligent operation of the farm will soon drive men back to the farms.

No farmer in Burnham who will change over and give his whole time and attention to any particular class of agriculture, and follow it with perseverance, but will make a success. In Northern New York farmers have made a specialty of raising poultry, and to-day can be seen on the foot hills of the Catskill mountains large bands of turkeys, numbering thousands, being herded by a herder who keeps with them night and day, from which large gains are made. Other men in a few years ago commenced dairying with a run our farm and half a dozen cows. They have studied the question, made it their specialty, and to-day have large dairy farms, and their cattle, in some instances, are numbered by the hundreds. They have got rich at that very avocation that everybody claims don't pay. There is not a single intelligent farmer in Maine who cannot start right into sheep husbandry with small means and a small farm, if he will practice economy, and hold up his head and learn his business, learn to feed sheep, breed sheep, and market the same, but what can be independent in ten years. The same holds true of horse raising, although we think it needs more brains in the latter business, as the horse contains many mysteries. My advice is to all, select some class of agriculture you have a taste for, and put your shoulder to the wheel and push that specialty till you have made it a success. Read the papers, visit your Grange, learn all you can, as education, I mean practical education, is essential to success in every business calling or avocation in life. We, here in Maine, have the greater field for specialties of any State in the Union, as we have small, close farms and plenty of money, two conditions of affairs that the West are wholly lacking in, and in many sections, on account of geographical location and peculiar climate, can never practice.

While looking over this happy group of villagers and farmers congregated here in this hall, mingling with their wives and daughters, forming a picture worthy of the painter's art, we cannot help comparing the scene with the far West. There no ladies lend attractions to festive gatherings, as the country is too wild for the softer sex. Here we repose in perfect security, fearing no earthquakes or tornadoes. Not so there, for these are of common occurrence. I am not a missionary to that mission, give warnings in the East, and hide their faces with a veil of clouds at the approach of storms, which only offers inconvenience and danger. Not so on the Western plains. The sun, deceptive as are the golden promises of many Western schemes, is no indicator of dangerous blizzards, as they strike quickly and with them devastating winds sweep and hurl horses, animals and men in its course into one chaotic mass, not even covering his face with mists to shut out the sickening sights.

Our ranch recently purchased in Montana, which nature arranged as one of the beautiful locations in the wild West, is a ravine between two ranges of mountains, the geographical names of which are the Highlands. The tall peaks which rear their bold heads ten to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, overlook this sunny valley on two sides, which of itself averages an altitude of 5000 feet, and spreads out about 15 miles wide and 25 long. As it is so high up in the clouds, the atmosphere is exhilarating and of remarkable purity, so much so as to be a sure preserver of all kinds of meats, which dry up and never putrify. This valley is watered by several mountain springs which form creeks, all of which form a large stream about the size of the Sebasticook river, which courses down through the valley 20 miles, and then enters a rocky formation and disappears on one acre of ground, to come out four miles below in a deep chasm at the beginning of the Bad Lands, a name given a large section of Mont na, which at some time in the past was the scene of wild volcanic upheavals that render it worse than valueless and extremely dangerous for man or beast, but a fitting place for wild animals to infest the country and do this. We have to contend with trusts. To-day the poor sick patient is obliged to pay a double price for sugar with which to sweeten medicines. Every one of this audience are slaves to a sugar trust. And now, while I do not believe in trusts, I do believe "what is good for the goose is good for the gander," and as we here in New England, yes, here in Maine, have articles that are necessities, why not form a trust and dictate prices, as do these other trusts? The markets must have our Aroostook potatoes at whatever cost, and the dairymen of Maine, produces more and better potatoes than all of New England besides; and why not make the markets pay for them? which can be done just as well as an over stocked sugar market can double up the price. It is done by thorough organization and concentration. If the farmers of Maine were as well organized as the speculators, there would be a more true course of trade, and pervert the workings of supply and demand, our hay crop, which is Maine's staple crop, could be dispersed of during the year at a price, which would help out, as we know. The market must have eastern hay, if they pay sharp for it.

Our live stock has always been handled on the principle of going it blind. Drovers have no board of trade or chamber of commerce. If we all make money this week on our shipments of stock, why look out for a break down the next, as no one knows what his neighbor will buy. It is intelligent, concentrated action that is necessary to place our cattle on the markets evenly and at a fair price. Our dairy interests, which is the life blood of our future, are getting to hold a prominent place in the markets of the world. And right here let me remark, that although we farmers of Maine are responsible for the great devastation of our beef interests, the facts are the West has done us a favor in supplying this very essential article of food at so low a price as to preclude its production here on a profitable basis, with which the dairy farmers from New York, they state as a fact that they are so well pleased and paid by dairying that they would not go back to the production of beef at any cost per pound. We are not in a corn belt of country, and never did and never can produce beef at a profit. Not so with our dairy interests. Maine, our green hillside pastures, out of which gush boiling springs of pure water, not stagnant with alkali, as are those of many of the Western States, and our clean barns and close herding are the bound to win us, as it did with a vengeance. My son, with his crews, fought fire three days and three nights without sleep or food, in the smoke and heat, while it was 100° in the shade, till the third night about midnight a change was apparent, the thermometer fell rapidly, and in the short space of one hour they found themselves exposed to a wintry blast, and bloody snow storm had come to their relief, a most remarkable climatic change from heat to cold incident to that wild northern country. Had not this opportune change stayed the fire flames, we should undoubtedly have been in the same condition as Sambo's master. An old timer, Mr. Lamont, told me an incident of the devastating fires in section of country in close proximity to his ranch by a collision. In this enticing West, where the sun sinks below the everlasting Rockies, the inhabitants use various precautions, one of which is to dig a spacious hole in the ground, in which to take refuge when visited by these phenomenal cloud bursts. Mr. Lamont's nearest neighbor was a Southerner, who started in the cattle business in this new country, and had taken along for help his old negro servants, eleven in number. He had prospered, and was the owner of a large herd of cattle. The cyclone referred to took a direct path across his ranch, and whirled houses, cattle and men into the air, killing the entire crew, cattle, and all, except Sambo, who happened to be outside of the building, and when it had passed, visited and viewed this complete destruction, and then hurried down to Lamont's, the next ranch, who had noticed the track of the whirlwind and feared the result. Sambo galloped in and told his tale of horror, when Lamont remarked, "Is it possible? Not one man or anything saved!" The darkey, with his eyes rolling, staring the white all around, said, "Oh, yes, Massa Lamont, we have saved the hole in the ground," which would undoubtedly been the case with us had we had the foresight to dig one, and so we should have owned a hole in Montana.

What tempts men to leave their cozy homes and sometimes families, to rough it in this wild country? Money is the answer, very little of which is of any use to its owner. How much more wisdom is shown by the young or middle aged man to settle down here in Maine and be contented with small gains and a life of happiness and comfort? Hardly ever a young man comes back, even if it were his intention. He catches on to those wild western, rovers, the life and freedom delivered by Rev. Dr. Oscar S. Safford of Boston, after which came the appointment of the usual committees. The twenty-first annual report of Rev. G. G. Hamilton, Secretary of schools throughout the State to be in a prosperous condition. An interesting paper on "Missionary Work of the Sunday School Convention," by Rev. H. S. Whitman, was followed by remarks. There was an interesting address on "The Home and the Sunday School," by Rev. A. B. Meservey, D. D., of Bangor. Twitchell elects of corn this year, often me the whole crop, loaded on the cars, at 15 cents per bushel, or in other words at $6 per acre, as his corn will average two bushels. Six dollars per acre for plowing, harrowing, planting, furnishing seed, cultivating, husking, shelling and putting into an elevator. Why, neighbor farmers, on my farm at Burnham, I have had the privilege of some note to plant, cultivate and harvest one acre, for which I paid him $27.50, and he is cheeky enough to ask me to make it up to $30. Now would not that look like a western farm? As I have been in the West, I will state a fact, that if any man would subject himself to the privations endured in the early days of the cattle kings, and ride in the same kind of a carriage, live in the same kind of a house, sleep in the same kind of a bed and live on the same kind of food, if he could manage to evade the cliffers of the law and an incarceration in one of the insane asylum, he would surely get rich in Maine. It is a given fact that New England furnishes more fine homes and more solid comforts that go to make this short earthly existence pleasant than anywhere in the wide world, and Maine stands at the head of the class of the six New England States. Where can be found with clear, gurgling streams of pure water, emptying into her thousand beautiful inland lakes, with her long reach of sea coast and her archipelago of beautiful islands, she can rightfully claim to be the Switzerland of America. Our climate, though varied, is far ahead of a southern, where the hot winds scorch, and the cattle race so much trouble—I refer to the cider apple. As drinking cider is fast going out of date, it seems to be a puzzle what to do with the apple crop. In many instances the farmers of Maine, take the sour little things into your politics. Don't vote for a Senator or Representative next season who will stand for free cider, as it is the ruin of our age, but as vinegar. Congress made laws against oleomargarine, which is simply legislating against the steer in favor of the cow. Our State has doctored the cider law and they have made it possible for our manufacturers to place in every grocery store in the land a drug called vinegar, manufactured of acids that will poison you every time. Make your own vinegar, healthy cider vinegar, unadulterated, from the channels of trade. This legislation must and will remedy.

Now, my friends, I wish to call your attention to is mixed farming, being "Jack at all trades and good at none." This mixed husbandry is a relic of old times and new countries, when the necessaries of life were the subjects of barter for the necessaries of life. Then it was necessary to raise a patch of flax, and to card and spin a few fleeces of wool. The crops raised must be diversified, and every article of use produced by each family, as it was the staff and necessities of life, not money and the luxuries, that contribute so much to the happiness of modern homes that those early pioneers, who felled the forests and laid the foundation for all these well tilled, highly improved farms, sought. But now how changed. The spinning wheel and the hemp wheel are among the implements of the past, stored away in the lonely attic to brood over its usefulness and the ungrateful generation of the present time different sections of this country are better adapted to the growth of certain kinds of crops than others, and the immense railroad systems bring these things close to our doors, which changes the whole question, and the farmer thinks now-a-days of raising his own wheat or corn? And we must add to this catalogue of abandoned products by the farmer, sheep husbandry. All of these articles can be laid down at our doors very much cheaper than we can produce them. In other words, we can purchase our beef, pork, mutton, lamb, veal, sweet corn and dairy products, and sell the same and buy these abandoned products, and make great savings. So it must be apparent to every one that we can not keep in the old ruts, but must follow by our ancestors, but must generate new ideas, study and practice new methods. The old backwoods sheep husbandry must be changed to high fattening process, and knowledge of our animals and their profits must take the place of the old fashioned way of going it blind. Our farming must be put under system, and farm accounts must take the place of our forefather's yearly general results. This intelligent operation of the farm will soon drive men back to the farms.

No farmer in Burnham who will change over and give his whole time and attention to any particular class of agriculture, and follow it with perseverance, but will make a success. In Northern New York farmers have made a specialty of raising poultry, and to-day can be seen on the foot hills of the Catskill mountains large bands of turkeys, numbering thousands, being herded by a herder who keeps with them night and day, from which large gains are made. Other men in a few years ago commenced dairying with a run our farm and half a dozen cows. They have studied the question, made it their specialty, and to-day have large dairy farms, and their cattle, in some instances, are numbered by the hundreds. They have got rich at that very avocation that everybody claims don't pay. There is not a single intelligent farmer in Maine who cannot start right into sheep husbandry with small means and a small farm, if he will practice economy, and hold up his head and learn his business, learn to feed sheep, breed sheep, and market the

Grange News and Notes.

—The Grange at West Minot celebrated their anniversary Saturday evening, by conferring the third and fourth degrees on three candidates, following with a supper. This Grange is now taking in new members at most every meeting.

—"Parkman Grange" was recently organized in Parkman, with nineteen charter members. Following are the officers elected: Master, A. E. Briggs; Overseer, A. S. Merrill; Lecturer, J. H. Warren; Secretary, Mrs. A. E. Briggs; Treasurer, S. Fletcher; Chaplain, H. O. Ayer; Steward, E. F. Straw; Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. L. E. Ray; Pomona, Mrs. Hathaway; Ceres, Mrs. A. S. Merrill; Flora, Mrs. E. F. Straw; Gate Keeper, L. G. Austin.

—Cascade Grange, Oakland, has changed its night of meeting from Wednesday to Saturday. This organization is in a flourishing condition. There are four members all ready for the fourth degree. A harvest supper will be furnished Saturday evening, Oct. 26.

—Hancock Pomona Grange held their annual meeting with Verona Grange, for choice of officers, on Saturday, Oct. 5, with the following result: Worthy Master, H. P. Harriman; W. O., Peter Abbott; Lecturer, A. Eldridge; Sec., J. W. Bowden; A. S., Joseph Tillock; Chap., J. B. Snowman; Treas., A. L. Smith; Sec., N. F. Norton; G. K., M. C. Herrick; Pomona, Mrs. Abbie Swazey; Flora, Mrs. A. L. Smith; Ceres, Mrs. Hattie Harriman; L. A. S., Miss Viola Quimby.

—Gorham Grange had a very interesting meeting last Saturday night, Oct. 19. The programme consisted of a reading by Mrs. Thestrup, Miss Sturgis, and Mr. Corthell, and a free-and-easy talk on poultry management, which was made both interesting and profitable. Arrangements are announced as the name of the Grange doll, which attracted the attention of so many at the Cumberland county fair. The name was guessed by Mrs. F. D. Scammon for Mattie Houghton; 157 guesses were made.

—KENNEBEC COUNTY POMONA. The next meeting of Kennebec County Pomona Grange will be held with Pittston Grange, Wednesday, Nov. 6th, at 10.30 A. M. The forenoon session will be devoted to routine business of the order and degree work. Afternoon session, discussion of the following question: "Resolved, That farmers and their families do not receive a fair proportion of the blessings, privileges and honors that come through the increase of wealth;" affirmative, D. H. Thing, Mt. Vernon; negative, A. H. Veazie, Augusta. Should time remain, the advantages of associated dairying will be discussed, L. K. Litchfield the leading speaker. All fourth degree members cordially invited to be present.

—The next meeting of Androscoggin County Grange will be with Lewiston Grange No. 2 Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 10 A. M. Sister Eva J. Snow will give an address of welcome, which will be responded to by Rufus Prince. The literary entertainment will be furnished by Eureka Grange. The degree of Pomona will be conferred in full form. Q. S. Jordan, Auburn, and others will present a paper, which will be discussed.

Auburn Plains. E. H. LIBBY, *Sec'y.*

—The wide awake members of Dexter Grange have held one of the most successful Grange fairs ever known in Maine. It is to the credit of this organization that it is making prominent the idea of successful farm work, by means of these yearly exhibitions, free from all the entangling alliances that have arisen from the real object. Agriculture will grow in the estimation of the people where such exhibitions are held.

—The following resolutions were adopted by Cushing Grange, Oct. 16:

Whereas, Death has entered our gates, for the first time since our organization, and removed from our midst our worthy brother, Thomas Hanson, a charter member of our Grange, after a short but painful sickness.

Resolved, That we, members of China Grange, extend to his family and relatives our heartfelt sympathies in this time of their great affliction.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be inscribed on our records, a copy sent to the widow of our deceased brother, and a copy sent to the *Maine Farmer* for publication.

WM. F. MILLS, *Com.*
E. H. J

Items of Maine News.

The Pioneer Chair Factory at West Paris are working extra hours in order to fill their orders.

George L. Richardson of Brunswick, has been granted a patent on a bearing for turbine wheels.

The Maine Manufacturing Company at Fairfield are manufacturing sleds at the rate of about five hundred per day.

Alphonso Eames of Embden, committed suicide Monday by hanging. He took Paregreen a week ago, but recovered.

The new school house for the first and second grammar and the high school, at Dexter, is nearly completed; the cost is to be $12,000.

Coons are plentiful in Mercer and vicinity. Bert Whitehouse caught one the other evening with his hands. It weighed 13 pounds.

Out of a flock of fifty-eight sheep, belonging to Henry Stackpole of Phillips about thirty have been killed or wounded by dogs.

A little daughter of George Marshall of West Paris, was placed upon a horse's back by an older sister, Thursday, fell, and broke both bones of her left fore arm.

Wm. L. Alden died at Leeds, Saturday. He was one of Portland's wealthiest and best known retired business men, actively engaged in the wholesale flour trade for ye...

Intelligence has been received of the death of Dr. Albion W. Knight of Jacksonville, Fla. Dr. K. was a former resident of Brunswick, and a graduate of Bowdoin, class of '41.

Joseph Hatch of East Wilton, is dead, aged 84. He is the man whose skull was so badly fractured a week previous, by being thrown from his wagon by a runaway horse.

Moses G. Rice, a prominent Bangor business man, is dead. He served in the Second and Twentieth Maine regiments during the war, and had been a member of both branches of the Bangor city government.

The lumber manufacturers on the Penobscot are talking of shutting down their mills this fall, and the prospects are that they will do so if the present high freights on lumber continue.

The green five year old pacer "Benson," by Robert Bonner, Jr., showed a quarter on the East Branch track at Buckfield, in 35¼ Monday, a 2.21 clip to a common road cart. He was sold immediately to a New York party.

The shoe factory in Calais is working up quite a business. The out-put has increased from 4,800 cases during the month of August, to 6,500 during the month of September. It has more orders than it can fill for a good while.

Eight divorces were granted at the term of court just held at Machias, and this was not all that was asked for, either. Five of the petitions to be released from an unhappy union, came from women, and three from men.

Burglars entered the residence of Geo. B. Clapp in Rockland, Thursday evening, and stole a gold watch belonging to Mr. Clapp and one belonging to his daughter. Mr. Clapp fired two shots after them. Several other places were also visited.

Dr. Wm. A. Banks has been appointed a member of the Rockland board of pension examining surgeons, vice H. C. Levensaler. Dr. Banks is an ex-army surgeon, and was an efficient member of the Rockland board for several years.

The store of E. L. Bean at Searsmont, was broken into recently, and about one hundred dollars' worth of goods stolen. The same night the post office was entered. Nothing was taken but a little loose change from the money drawer.

The building committee of Hebron Academy have accepted the plan for the new academy, as presented by architect Stevens & Cobb of Portland. The basement of the building up to the windows will be of stone from the Hebron quarry, the rest will be of brick.

Upward of twenty new residences have been built or are in process of construction in Skowhegan this season, aside from several houses rebuilt and extensive repairs upon others. The largest building operations have been the Free Public Library and Bethany Baptist church.

There was a fire in Orrington the other night, by which Mr. Frank Smith, a farmer, lost his dwelling house, which was burned to the ground. The chimney burned out, and the roof caught from the flying sparks. Some of the furniture was saved.

The farm buildings of James Welch, near Patterson Bridge, were burned last week, the fire being caused by a defective chimney. Mr. Welch lost nearly all of his furniture, farming tools, a large lot of lumber, two hogs and a lot of straw. Fortunately the barn containing his hay was not burned. No insurance.

The committee of five chosen by the town of Oldtown, to make a contract for supplying water by a water works system for that town, on Saturday completed and signed a contract with Messrs. Laughton & Clergue to supply the town with water for a term of years. Work upon the plant will be commenced soon.

Early Tuesday morning, the Workman Block at Sullivan, was destroyed by fire. Workman & Durling had a store on the lower floor. C. E. Jones and family who lived on the upper floor, escaped with difficulty, losing everything. Loss on the building was $3000, and on the goods $3000. Insurance on both about $2000.

The house of Mr. Charles H. Atwater, at Dexter, three and one-half miles north of Dexter village, was destroyed by fire, Monday. The barn, in which there was a large quantity of hay, was saved, as was most of the furniture in the house. The fire caught around a chimney in the ell. The loss will be about $1,000, and there is an insurance of $500.

Tuesday afternoon while Agent Robinson, of the Dover and Foxcroft station, was out, a burglar broke the glass from the inside window and entered the office, taking what money there was in the drawer and making good his escape. A stranger came into the waiting room while two workmen were eating their dinner, and was there when they left. The thief got about $12.

Thursday night, John H. Backus went to Lawrence, Mass., with his invalid wife from Farmington, for the benefit of her health. Friday, he went driving with a young son of John H. Wilson, at whose house he was visiting, and collided with another team. Backus was thrown out and fractured his skull. He died Saturday morning, leaving four children. He was 46 years of age.

The village of Woodville, Pa., is a terribly ravaged town. Nearly one-third of 800 people in the town are victims of typhoid fever and diphtheria. Last week there were ten deaths from typhoid fever, and nearly that number from diphtheria. The leading physician of the place has fifty cases under his care. Great excitement prevails in town, and business is entirely suspended.

The total receipts from internal revenue during the first quarter of the present fiscal year were $34,684,526, or $3,770,807 greater than the receipts during the corresponding period of the previous year. The increase if the receipts increase at this ratio during the remainder of the year, the total receipts for the year will aggregate about $145,000,000, or $16,000,000 more the receipts during the previous year.

A disasterous fire occurred at Ottawa, Ont., Sunday. All the stores and dwellings, with one or two exceptions, in the block of Labrosse Flat, bounded by Broad, Sherwood, Ottawa, and Queen streets, were destroyed. Fifty families were rendered homeless. The buildings were of very inferior character and the total loss will not exceed $15,000; which is partly covered by insurance.

Japanese papers state that complete returns from the one prefecture of Aichi show that 683 people were drowned and 121 injured during the flood of Sept. 11th, and that over a thousand houses were swept away, and thousands of acres of crops destroyed. In a review of the calamities caused by floods during the past 1800 years, the *Japan Mail* says: Returns show that 12 prefectures have been devastated, 2419 people killed, 155 wounded, and over 90,000 people deprived of means of subsistance. More than 50,000 houses have been swept away or submerged, 150,000 acres of crops destroyed, about 6000 bridges washed away, and some hundreds of miles of road broken up.

The east bound train on the Santa Fé road, known as the "Cannon ball," reached Hutchinson, Kansas Friday evening twelve hours late, with only the express car and two Pullman coaches. The balance of the train, consisting of baggage car, two Pullman coaches and a tourist and Pullman sleeper, were left at the bottom of a ten foot embankment near Howell, twenty miles west of Dodge City, on the main line. The train was running about twenty miles an hour when a broken rail was encountered. The engine and express car passed safely over, but the others were ditched. Fortunately fire was prevented and all the passengers were shortly rescued. No one was killed and no limbs were broken but a number of persons were bruised and more or less injured.

THE NEW PLAN. Elsewhere in this edition of the *Farmer*, Geo. C. Shaw & Co., the large wholesale and retail grocers of Portland, are out with an explanation of their method of supplying consumers in the country with guaranteed groceries, and delivering them, freight paid, to the nearest railroad station or steamboat landing of the purchaser. This firm are the pioneers in this plan of doing business.

For Tired Brain
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. O. C. STOUT, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed."

Items of General News

News from Hayti states that Hippolyte has been elected President, receiving 91 votes, which is unanimous.

B. T. Babbitt, the millionaire soap manufacturer, died suddenly at New York, Sunday, aged 80 years.

The President has appointed Oscar F. Williams of Rochester, N. Y., United States consul at Harvre, France.

The Dominion government has decided to subsidize a line of steamships between Halifax or St. John and the West Indies.

Gov. Foraker of Ohio, has been suffering with dysentery, and threatened with peritonitis, but is now recovering.

Harvard College is in a hubbub over the election of young Clement Garrett Morgan, a brilliant and able colored man, as class orator.

The State Department has transmitted to Portugal President Harrison's expression of condolence over the death of the King of Portugal.

The people of Vershire, Vt., have held a meeting to consider the question of inducing the Swedes to settle on the unoccupied lands in that town.

The bodies recovered from the Bentilee colliery, Eng., show that the victims died of gas poisoning. Sixty persons were killed.

W. W. Houghton of Bristol, N. H., was killed by the explosion of a cider cask which he was cleaning by injecting steam, Wednesday night.

Over $13,000 was discovered in the false bottom of an old trunk belonging to Lena Weinberger, who committed suicide by setting fire to her clothes in Winona, Mich., recently.

Invitations received in Philadelphia announce that the long talked of wedding between ex-Secretary Thomas F. Bayard and Miss Clymer will take place in Washington, on Thursday, Nov. 7.

In each branch of the South Dakota legislature, Wednesday, R. F. Pettigrew and Mr. Moody, the Republican nominees, received a majority of the votes for United States Senator.

L. B. Rea of Miles City, Montana, a member of the Montana legislature, says that in Western Montana many thousand head of cattle have starved to death for want of grass and water.

William Carry, of Altmont, Ill., a farmer, died Friday night, from the effects of poison placed in a well. His wife and child and Mrs. Durbin and children are sick, and there is danger that some, if not all, will die.

Congress will have enough to do on meeting. The tariff, trusts, the civil service law, the interstate commerce law, the educational question, a national election law and subsidies will be among the subjects that will engage attention.

An Albany special says that 400 cases of fever and 40 deaths have occurred among 1,200 workmen on the New York Central railroad at West Albany in the past few months. The epidemic is attributed to defective drainage.

Mayor McGee of Ottawa, Ont., in the real estate, loan and investment business has failed. Liabilities $50,000, assets nominally, $7,000. Scores of persons lose sums from $1,000 to $10,000. Many of McGee's clients entrusted him with all their money and are now penniless.

The President has appointed Oliver C. Bosbyshell of Pennsylvania, superintendent of the mint at Philadelphia; and Richard E. Sloan of Arizonia, associate justice of the supreme court of Arizona. Commodore Francis M. Ramsey chief of the bureau of navigation.

The President on Saturday appointed Gen. Green B. Raum of Illinois to be Commissioner of Pensions. He was a railway passenger need not pay his fare if he has to stand.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disorderd stomach.

Gen. Miles commanding the Department of the Pacific, states that $40,000,000 could be profitably expended on the defences of the Pacific coast.

An In Tents Campaign.

Throngs of people attend the out-door meetings to hear tariff and prohibition discussed. To cure the colds and sore throats contracted at those meetings a great demand has sprung up for Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

It is said that the muskrats are predicting another hard winter; but then they have been doing this every autumn for the last half century. Who's afraid of muskrats!

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Florapiezion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

A steam radiator exploded in a Boston building recently, seriously injuring two men.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

It is said a movement is on foot looking to the establishment of a large woolen mill in Pembroke, by Boston capitalists.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

The canning factory at North Haven, has started up and is packing clams.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

There is a woman residing in Houlton, who is the mother of fifteen children and has been twice married. She has never worn an article of jewelry; nor a collar around her neck; nor a ribbon, with the exception of one time when first married she wore one fashioned into a bow. Nor has she worn a hoop skirt, a bustle, or a piece of lace in her life.

The Lady Next Door.

Mrs. W. envied the lady next door because she seemed so well and happy. "She enjoys life and I don't", said the discontented woman. "How I would like to change places with her!" At last she made the acquaintance the object of her envy, and this is what the lady told her: "Happy? Of couse I am, for I enjoy perfect health. My dear Mrs. W., your face tells me why you are not happy. You are suffering from functional derangements. I was a martyr to female weaknesses for years, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cured me, as it will you if you will try it. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or price ($1.00) returned."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, Oct. 22, 1889.

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 3491; sheep, 7089; hogs, 24,503; veals, 972; horses, 603.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 231; sheep, 886; veals, 118; horses, 71.

Exports of cattle—The number of cattle exported from the port of Boston was 2012 head, against 1226 last week. Market reported off at Liverpool nearly ½ cent. Best American beef cattle bring only 10½ cts. dressed weight. Thirty veal calves were sent over by N. Morris, to try the market.

CONDITION OF TRADE.

Beef cattle move off slowly at the same last week's price; if any change, good, heavy shipping cattle were in better demand at same price.

Sheep market remains about as last quoted, although there seemed to be a good demand for the best flocks, but no advance, as butchers claimed Boston market would not sustain a rise.

Hogs—No change in pork. Western and eastern move off in the same old groove, without a ripple.

Veal calves got a set-back of a half cent, occasioned by the great supply at this season of the year.

Milch cows are taking a different turn from former seasons, on account of the low price of beef cows the past spring and summer. More milk men have run their cows over, which seems to make a glutty market, and for the last three weeks this class of stock has been thrown on to the market so profusely as to break prices materially, and make the cow trade like the beef trade—a losing business. Cows of all kinds are $5 lower than one year ago at this time, and are no higher than during the summer months.

Horses still sell low, and a poor call is reported, with an unsatisfactory trade at the sale stables.

Working oxen and store cattle—If bought low in Maine, buyers want them market it will not net them $5 per ton. Is it not better to feed out half of the crop in Maine and sell the balance for $10 per ton, and by so doing keep up the fertility of the farm? Dairy cows and sheep, if judiciously cared for and handled, will make hay, so fed, worth more than $10. Now do we wish to sell it at $5? I say, no.

I. C. LIBBY.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22.

FLOUR, GRAIN, HAY AND MILLFEED. Flour is steady in the matter of quotations, with a good request for spot flour. Buyers are still anxious about deliveries. Sellers are not trying to push further sales where they already owe flour.

Cornmeal is quiet, without changes in quotations. Oatmeal is very still in the matter of trade, with the quotations the same as previously noted. Rye is in moderate request, with the market steady.

Corn is quiet. There were sales of steamer yellow, billed through, at 45c, but track lots that are not billed through are not worth quite as much. The market is quoted at: High mixed, 45@45¼c; steamer yellow, 44¾@45c; steamer mixed, 44@44½c; no grade, 43@43½c for good, with off lots as to quality.

There was a better trade in futures in oats than for many a day. The closing call showed: Cash, 30¾c bid, no offers to sell; October, 30¾c bid, 31¼c asked; November 31c bid, 31¼c asked; May, 30¾c bid, 31c asked; May, 31½c bid, 33c asked. Ouside of the calls there were sold 3 cars October at 31¼c, 3 cars year at 31⅞, 6 cars May at 32⅝c, and 9 cars May at 32¾c, making a total of 21 cars. The spot market is about steady at: No 1 white and fancy oats, 33@34½c; clipped, 32@35c; No. 2 white, 30½@31½c; No. 3 white, 29½@29¾c; low grade, 27 to 27½c.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. Selling prices of butter are somewhat irregular, as the necessities of buyers and sellers influence each transaction. A few of the best known brands, in assorted packages, have been sold at 25 cents, which is the very top market for trade lots. Other western extra brands of creamery have been slow at 23@24 cents. and some nice fresh stock is waiting for buyers at 23 cents. After leaving extras it will be hard to sell much at over 20 cents, though 21@22 cents is the nominal quotation for extra firsts. Northern fall creamery is not offering under 25 cents, but it is not selling to any extent. In jobbing lots prices of fine western and northern range from 26 to 27 cents. Ice house stock may be quoted from 16 to 20 cents, but it would be hard to realize on round lots at over 18 cents. Common grades run from 12 to 15 cents are plentiful and slow. In fact, prices all through, from the lowest to the highest, must be reported more or less in favor of buyers owing to the light demand.

The cheese situation is about the same as last week, with perhaps a smaller volume of sales. The ruling rate for extra factory continues to be 10½ to 11 cents per pound, but it has been difficult to sell round lots at 11 cents, though some of the finest Septembers are held higher. Early made stock ranges from 9 to 10 cents and skims go still lower.

For eggs there is a wide range of prices, owing to the difference in quality. Most of the receipts which come under the head of fresh gathered, sell at 23 to 25 cents per dozen, including Western, Provincial and Eastern, but a really new-laid lot is worth 28 to 30 cents. Plenty of ordinary held stock is offering at 16 to 20 cents. Receivers say that nearly all the Eastern eggs coming in are from held stock and cannot be depended upon.

There is no improvement in the bean situation. Supplies of all domestic large pea and mediums are liberal, and @2 15@2 30 per bu is a full quotation for large lots. Foreign pea and medium are offering pretty freely at from $1 50@2 15 per bu, and come into competition with domestic. Yellow eyes are not plentiful, and range from $2 80@2 90 per bu. Red kidneys range from $3 10@3 35 per bu.

HAY. The hay market is in an unsatisfactory condition. owing to the accumulations of common and medium grades. Strictly choice is not plentiful, and worth $17 50@ $18 per ton, but most of the stock offering ranges from $14@$17. Some of the receipts are badley damaged and hard to sell at $8 @$10 per ton. Rye straw is in steady request at $16@$17 per ton.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 22, 1889.

Amount of live stock at market—Cattle 440; Sheep and lambs, 3300; Swine, 170; veals, 63; Horses, 176; number of Western cattle, 431; Northern cattle, 10; Western sheep, 1100; Eastern sheep and lambs, 2200.

Prices of western beef cattle per 100 lbs. live weight costing from $4 50@5 25 for extra cattle. Ordinary grades sold at $3 50 @4 50 per 100 lbs. live weight.

Brighton Hides 6¼c per lb.
Brighton Tallow 4c per lb.
Country Hides 5c per lb.
Country Tallow 3c per lb.
Calf Skins 8@9c per lb.
Sheep and Lamb Skins 50c each.
Wool Skins 50c@$1.00 each.
Dairy Skins 25@35c each.

There were but a few cattle brought in for the trade. Most of those in market were owned by butchers, costing from 3½ @3¾c per lb. live weight, landed at the slaughter houses for butchers' use. Only a few were offered for sale. Farrell & McFlynn sold 4 cattle, 4000 pounds, at 1250 lbs., at $4 25; 8 cattle, average weight 1250 lbs., at $4 10; 3, average weight 1150 lbs., at $4 per 100 lbs. live weight. The demand for beef cattle was very light, and a few was all the demand required. The best Northern cattle at Watertown were selling at 6@6¼c per lb. dressed weight.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23.

APPLES—Evaporated, 5@6c per lb., dried 4c; green apples 60@75c per bushel; Baldwins and Greenings, $2 00@3 00 per bbl.

BEANS—Pea beans $2 50; Yellow Eyes $2 50.

BUTTER—Good Firkin 18c; Ball Butter 18 @22c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic 9@10c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—22@25c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $5 00@5 50; Patent 6 00@6 50.

GRAIN—Corn 55c; oats 45c; barley 75c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $12@14; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 3½c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 4c; bulls and stags, 2½c; calf skins, 5@6c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1.75.

LARD—Tierce 7½@8¼c.

MEAL—Corn 50@55; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 00 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 7@7½c; ham 12@13c; chickens 15@18c; fowls 12c; mutton 8c; lambs 9@10c; veals 6@7c; turkeys 15c; round hog 5@5½c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 50@60c per bushel; cabbages, 1c; squash, 1c; new beets, 50c per bu.; turnips, 40c per bu.

NOMINATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR. The following nominations have been made by the Governor:

State Constables for the county of Androscoggin—Fred L. Odlin, Lewiston; Timothy Stubbs, Lewiston; Washington Phillips, Lewiston.

State Constable for the county of Waldo—Geo. E. Files, Thorndike, (P. O. East.)

Member of the State Board of Health—Chas. D. Smith, Portland.

Inspector of Fish—J. D. Young, Eastport.

Coroner—Albion K. P. Moore, Belfast.

Trial Justice for the counties of Aroostook and Penobscot—Edward Plummer, Reed Plantation.

Trial Justices—Charles T. Peters, Portland; Augustus F. Moulton, Portland; Harry R. Virgin, Portland; S. S. Brown, Waterville.

Fish and Game Wardens—Adam W. Barbour, Portland; Jerome Davis, Bucksport; Frank M. Calderwood, Vinalhaven.

Trial Justices—Theron E. Doe, Chica; John R. Bevan, Castine; Benj. F. Fuller, Pittston; Albert J. Robinson, Cape Elizabeth.

COLT RACES AT PRESUMPSCOT PARK. On Tuesday of last week, Presumpscot Park forcibly reminded one of the good old times when the park was young and the State Fairs and horse trots innumerable were held there. Three races took place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the first being the race for foals of 1888. Three youngsters answered the tap, Barrett's Arineas, Insley's Glencoe Pilot, and Floyd's Battle F. They are of good stock, Arineas keeping up the reputation of the Barrett string in good style, while the points of the others come out best in action. Artness drew the pole, but quickly dropped it to Battle F. to a bad break. Once ahead Battle did nothing but gain, while Artness more or less excited by her diver's shouting, did a good deal of breaking. Winthrop Pilot's son made a good third. The summary:

Races for foals of 1888. Purse $125, divided, half-mile heats, best two and three.

F. M. Floyd b f Battle F.....1 1
J. F. Barrett ch f Artness.....2 2
N. W. Insley b c Glencoe Pilot.....3 3

THE NEW PLAN. Elsewhere in this edition of the *Farmer*, Geo. C. Shaw & Co., the large wholesale and retail grocers of Portland, are out with an explanation of their method of supplying consumers in the country with guaranteed groceries, and delivering them, freight paid, to the nearest railroad station or steamboat landing of the purchaser. This firm are the pioneers in this plan of doing business.

For Tired Brain
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. O. C. STOUT, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed."

Died.

In this city, Oct. 15, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Fairbanks, widow of the late Daniel A. Fairbanks, aged 76 yrs.

In Belfast, Oct. 13, Capt. Thomas B. Ellis, aged 67 years, 8 months; Oct. 12, Hattie K. Bennett, aged 43 years, 7 months.

In Burnham, Sept. 25, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. William Huff, aged about 2 months.

In Winslow, Oct. 5, Nathaniel W. Rogers, aged 57 years.

In Bluehill, Oct. 13, Mrs. Lucy Buck of Buckport, aged 81 years.

In Baileyville, Oct. 8, Edward Harding, aged 63.

In Bucksport, Sept. 30, David N. Davison, aged 66 years, 3 months.

In Sonney Eagle, Sept. 10, Burleigh Rumery, aged 21 years.

In Brewer, Oct. 13, Mary Emma, daughter of William and Mary Berry, aged 16 years, 6 months.

In Bangor, Oct. 12, Francis Gibbs, aged 69 years, 6 months; Oct. 9, Herbert Wilson, son of Walter T. and Abbie Frances Palmer, aged 17 years; Oct. 2, John Cronin, aged 75 years.

In Cutler, Oct. 8, [illegible] about 70 years; Oct. 1, Capt. O. S. Cates, aged 51 years, 10 months.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article. A Boston lady who knew what she wanted, and whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

To Get

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla had done for me, and was satisfied with it, and did not want any other.

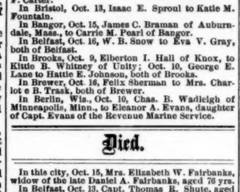
Hood's Sarsaparilla

When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I labored, and had for some time, like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Miss. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



The Improved
Lamb Knitting Machine

Is the only Machine that can widen and narrow and set up its own work, or knit the web either Tubular or Flat, Single, Double or Ribbed, producing

ALL VARIETIES OF APPAREL.

Has won the highest prizes for eight years. Knits HOSIERY, GLOVES, or MITTENS, of all sizes without a seam, shaping and completing them in the Machine. Also Machines for the manufacture of CARDIGANS and other KNIT GOODS.

Also, The Tuttle Knitting Machine.

S. P. CURTIS, Sole Agent,
671 Washington St., opp. Beach St., Boston.
13t46ow

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, and POULTRY.

300 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES: Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, A.A.: Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever. B.B.: Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism. C.C.: Distemper, Nasal Discharges. D.D.: Bots or Grubs, Worms. E.E.: Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia. F.F.: Colic or Gripes, Bellyache. G.G.: Miscarriage, Hemorrhages. H.H.: Urinary and Kidney Diseases. I.I.: Eruptive Diseases, Mange. J.K.: Diseases of Digestion.

Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Counsellor, complete, $7.00.
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), .60
Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.
39t49

CALIFORNIA
Via the SANTA FE ROUTE.

Fortnightly Excursions from Boston to Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California.

PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, combining comfort and economy. For full information, apply to your nearest ticket agent or address S. W. MANNING, New England Agent, 332 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Mention this paper. 1y38

JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT.
5-TON WAGON SCALES, $60.
BEAM BOX
Freight Paid.
Warranted for 6 Years
Agents Wanted. Sold by Dealers.
FARMERS'
Save one of the Dealers' Profits.
JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N.Y.
27t48ow

THOMAS J. LYNCH,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Meonian Hall Building,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.
1y41

COUGH KILLER
FOR 25 YEARS
I have used Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer, and it is the only medicine which relieves my cough. *Peter Edel, Gloversville, N. Y.* Price 50c. 25c. and $1 per bottle.
ALL DEALERS SELL IT.

Loads All its Competitors. It works either rage or sage, is Simple, Durable, and Price not to Operate. Price, by mail, Plain, $11 Nickel Plated, $12. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded. Circulars, testimonials, and terms to agents free. Address
G.W. GRIFFIN & CO., Franklin Falls, N.H.

THE GLORY OF MAN
STRENGTH, VITALITY!
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
KNOW THYSELF.
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood,
EXHAUSTED VITALITY
UNTOLD MISERIES
Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation, Enervating and unfitting the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relation. Avoid unskilful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 300 pages, 125 prescriptions. Beautiful binding, embossed, full gilt. Price, only $1.00 by mail, post-paid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL from the National Medical Association, for the best Essay on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a corps of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confidentially, by mail or in person, at the office of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above.
1y50

VETERINARY
Medicines and Remedies at PARTRIDGE'S OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE under Granite Hall, Augusta, Me.

ITCHING PILES
And irritating skin humors cured by U. S. Gov't Ointment. By mail on receipt of 70 cts.
CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, Chemist, Augusta.

A New Story Paper.

The best, the largest, the handsomest, and the most original weekly story paper ever published!

New stories; new poems; new music; new illustrations, each week!

Twenty-eight pages, including four pages of music printed on music paper, every week!

The first number of the

Family Album

will appear October 12, and will contain the opening chapters of the intensely interesting serial of modern days, written expressly for its columns by

Miss Adna H. Lightner.

It will also contain eight complete stories and four poems, with illustrations, and prepared for its columns by the best authors of the land; also practical instructions on cutting and making a dress, illustrated, and four page sheet of original music for voice and piano.

"FAMILY ALBUM" is profusely illustrated and is printed in the highest style of the art.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

N. E. NEWS CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Subscription (in advance):
One year.....$4.00
Six months.....2.00
Thirteen weeks (which will complete Miss Lightner's story).....1.00

On the receipt of $4.00 we will send the "Family Album" from the first number to the close of 1890. Sixty four weeks for four dollars.

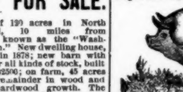
If your newsdealer will not supply you with the paper, send ten cents for single copy to

J. HENRY SYMONDS,
PUBLISHER,
29 Purchase Street, BOSTON.
3t49

BOSTON INVESTMENT CO
6½ PER CENT.
PAYABLE QUARTERLY.
Best Commercial Real Estate for Security.
For a descriptive pamphlet, send to GEORGE LEONARD, Gen. Ag't, Office 9, 10 & 11 Advertiser Building, 246 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
1y20

WE OFFER FOR INVESTMENT,
Portland Water Co.
5 PER CENT. BONDS,
DUE FEBRUARY 1, 1899.
WOODBURY & MOULTON,
BANKERS,
Cor. Middle & Exchange Streets,
PORTLAND, ME.
13t47

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.



Farm of 120 acres in North Whitefield, 10 miles from Augusta, known as the "Washburn Farm." New dwelling house, cost $2500 in 1878; new barn with perfect accommodations for all kinds of stock, built in 1881 and cost complete $2500; on farm, 45 acres under fine cultivation, the remainder in wood and pasture; 15 acres thick hardwood growth. The farm and buildings cost $10,000 and will be sold for $5000 cash, or $2500 down ($2500 down and remainder on mortgage).

Farming tools and stock, consisting of three horses, one colt, three cows and one hog, will be sold with farm for a low cash price if desired.

Call and examine the property. Correspondence solicited. Address FRANK WASHBURN, North Whitefield, Me., or GEO. W. RESELTON, Atty at Law, Gardiner, Me.
4150

PORTLAND Business College
Opp. City Hall, PORTLAND, ME.
The Oldest and leading Business School in the State. Thorough instruction given in all Departments, and satisfactory guaranteed. Send for information address L. A. GRAY, A. M., PRINCIPAL.
13t43

St. Catharine's Hall,
AUGUSTA, ME.

Boarding and Day School for Girls, will reopen September 12. Tuition for boarding pupils, $250 and $275 per year; day pupils, $30, $37 50 and $45 per year. Special arrangements made with public carriages for the benefit of pupils.
13t43 C. W. ALLEN, Principal.

Gorham Normal School.

Next term begins Nov. 12, 1888. Text books and tuition free. Trm card is very reasonable rates. One of the best schools for real, thorough professional or practical training. For further particulars apply to W. J. CORTHELL, Gorham, Me.
1y28

SEASHORE FARM WANTED!

Must touch the salt water; have a chance to get sea manure and contain at least 40 acres, with or without buildings. Cash prior, address T. B., Manchester, Mass.

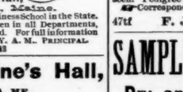
Pure POLAND CHINA SWINE, bredand for sale by RUFUS PRINCE, So. Turner, Me.
1tf7

IMPROVED EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR
Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating. Runs grands in successful operation. Guaranteed to hatch larger percentage of fertile eggs at less cost than any other hatcher. Send for Illus. Cata. to-day. Mention this paper.
GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.
10t50

SECRET SERVICE of the United States. A Narrative of EXCITING EVENTS! DESPERATE ENCOUNTERS! HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES! A GREAT HIT! Agents wanted at once. Liberal terms. PARK PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

SHOO FLY, PARTRIDGE'S TRUE DALMATIAN INSECT POWDER is non poisonous to humans, but sure death to flies, lice, ticks and insects life. Sold at PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE, Cor. Market Sq., Augusta, Under Granite Hall.

Improved Ohio Chester Swine for Sale!



As I am receiving New Stock each year from Ohio, I will sell

Ohio Chief of 2 years,
Buckeye or Cleveland of 1 year,
Four Boars of 3 months,
Three Boars of 2 months.
Also Two Sows of 3 months,
and Two Sows of 2 months.

All of this stock is purely bred and very choice. This breed needs no recommendation when once seen. Pedigree of each furnished.

Correspondence solicited.

47tf F. J. FOGG, Dexter, Me.

SAMPLES BY MAIL.
Dry and Fancy Goods.
Strictly One Price.
Write to us, stating the articles you wish to buy, and we will send you Samples by mail, Free, with width of goods and price per yard marked on each. Printed Circular of information sent with Samples

Eastman Bros. & Bancroft.
PORTLAND, ME. 13t47

OVERSEERS WANTED Everywhere. Will employ a reliable person in your county to take charge of our business. Local Agents also wanted. Salary $75 per month and expenses, or allow large commission. Sole controlling interest given. Business established 3 years. Our reference, any bank in Augusta. Address with stamp, GENERAL MANAGER, Box 1457, Augusta, Me.
39t49

AGENTS WANTED
And Sales Boys for the Fastest selling and most reliable Book. BEST KNOWN NURSERY. Liberal terms. Exclusive territory. Catalogue free. Address
GENEVA NURSERY CO., Geneva, N. Y.
39t212

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

In His Courts.

These are the days miraculous, O, ye who have not known Him!
He lights His torches in the woods that we may see him more;
His royal colors clothe the hills, the loyal valleys own Him,
Kindling a thousand beacon fires on lake and river shore.
May was the resurrection time, Christ spake from every sod;
October hath its chant sublime, the fatherhood of God.

Life shines—as thou mayst shine, my soul—His marvellous perfecting,
And death, as glorious as life, with neither shade nor sting.
A ministry so beautiful, revealing and reflecting,
That who art thou to doubt His touch in every ripened thing!
What power should weave this splendid shroud, or kindle such a flame,
But He who gave the pillared cloud, and wrote with fire his name?

Love breathes upon the summer blooms before the wild frosts find them,
(What harm shall blast the trusting soul that to His heart doth creep?)
No angel tousles fold the buds and in soft garments bind them,
His own, His own, the forest knows, and whispering, falls asleep.
Lift thou thine eyes and thou shalt know that He is very nigh,
Where'er thy reverent feet may go, the Lord has just passed by.

A presence as of One who waits, omnipotent and yearning,
Fills every solitude; the air hath voices, tender, strong;
Sweet raptures thrill expectant hours, returning and returning,
A majesty broods in the sky, above the angel song.
Through depths of soft withdrawing light, nearer and yet more near,
A benediction fills the night, "Rest thee, for I am here!"

ELLEN H. BUTLER.

Our Story Teller.

NOLTCHE.

A Story of Frontier Life.

I.

That was her Indian name. Among the whites about the post and in the valley she was known as Confidence. She was a Mojave squaw, as broad as she was long, and—despite the many snows that had sprinkled with white her once blue-black hair—as lively and chirpy as a cricket on the hearth from morning to night, and—unless sound asleep—from night until morning.

Like all her tribe she was an inveterate, shameless beggar; but unlike the majority of them she appreciated the favors she received, and tried—and often managed—to return them as best she could.

Noltche was a great favorite with the wives and daughters of the army officers stationed at Fort Mojave, and from sunrise until sunset, when bugles sounding retreat warned all Indians to go back to their villages in the valleys below, her full-moon face, adorned with the three blue-pricked Mojave tribal stripes, running from the lower lip to the end of the chin, and a red and yellow painted gridiron spreading itself on her fat greasy cheeks, was always to be seen peeping in and out of the open doors and windows of officers' quarters, or waiting patiently at the kitchen doors, like a faithful, uncomplaining old dog, for such bite and sup as could be spared for her.

She was as good as a newspaper at carrying news—in her broken English and mongrel Spanish—from one house to another; and it was a matter of little possibility for her to keep to herself anything she ever saw or heard, her talkativeness, which often gave rise to most ludicrous malentendus, had been the sponsor of her Anglo-Saxon cognomen, of which she was exceedingly proud.

One summer morning, as the post quartermaster was sitting at his desk, a dark figure projected itself across the paper he was verifying, and turning in his seat he perceived Noltche, whom he did not know, having lately arrived at the post, standing in the open doorway, with a broad insinuating smile shining all over her still comely, fat face.

"Buenos dias! Mister Quarter-mast, how you been, eh?"

"How are you, and who are you?" replied the quartermaster, inquiringly.

"Me?"—proudly—"Me Confidence."

"Well, Confidence, what can I do for you?"

Noltche waddled forward like a fat old duck until she stood close to his chair, and his olfactory nerves became at once most unpleasantly aware of that peculiar, almost indescribable, smoked wild-game odor that exudes from all Indians, whether male or female.

"Me and my boy Jim—you know my boy, Lying Jim?—me heap hungry—mucho hambre; and the major's squaw, she says this morning: 'Confidence, no nada for you to-day, but the quart-mast down yonder in the log casa, he heap full of mucho sugar, mucho bacon; heap mucho everything; and me want a little bitty mucho everything; for me muero de hambre."

"But, Confidence," replied the quartermaster impatiently, for he received many such begging requests all day long from the other Indians loafing about the post, "the heap flour, heap bacon, and heap sugar is not mine to give away. It belongs to the big man at Washington to feed his soldiers with, and he don't know anything about you. If I give you the coffee and sugar and other things you want, I will have to pay for them myself."

"Well," rejoined Noltche—and her smile grew broader and more insinuating—"that's all right; may bimeby you get pay for me, and you pay for 'em—you got heap plata, and much pesos, too." It was of no use trying to make her understand that the pesos were derived from the same source, and must be accounted for in the same manner as the coffee and sugar; and in order to get rid of her and go on with his business the quartermaster told his commissary sergeant to give her a sack of flour and charge it to his account.

"Quarter-mast!" said Confidence, as the flour was brought in, "you heap good man, and me mucho, mucho grateful; me la gracias de todo mi corazon. But flour no good without bacon; flour stick in frying-pan; give me little bitty bacon, too?"

"Buhe," put in the sergeant, coming to the relief of his chief, "you must not bother the quartermaster any longer. I'll give you the bacon, and you must go home and never come here begging any more."

And Confidence, with a sack of flour on her shoulder and a side of bacon thrown across it to balance it, started at a dog-trot on her way down the valley, puffing and blowing like an overloaded burro and as happy as a king could make her, with a crowd of hungry, lazy Indians following in her wake, hoping to have a share in the feast—which they probably did.

At time went on the quartermaster became—perforce—very well acquainted with Noltche, who took quite a motherly interest in him and in his private official affairs. She was thoroughly convinced, despite his repeated assurances to the contrary, that all the public stores in his charge were his own personal property; and all the other officers, no matter of what rank, were simply keepers of horseshed, in her estimation, compared to her friend, the "Quart-mast," as she insisted on calling him.

In return for small presents of coffee, sugar, and the like, with a few pesos thrown in every once in a while, she kept his table well supplied with succulent snapbeans and cabbage, luscious musk and water melons raised by the Indians in their small garden patches; but her greedy maw was never satisfied, and the more she got the more she wanted.

In less than six months after first meeting her the poor quartermaster's wardrobe contained only one bran-new uniform —full dress and fatigue; all the others, that little more than a year ago had been begged away from him, one after another, on some plea or other, and now adorned the seductive person of her beloved son, Lying Jim, who strutted about in a peacock from one Mojave village to another, admired by all the males, and evidently much admired by all the females; for no barnyard rooster ever had such a following as that unmitigated, worthless rascal, who fully deserved the qualifying epithet attached to his name. He never spoke the truth except by mistake, and when he found it out he regretted it for weeks afterward.

He was, besides, as mischievous as a monkey, and there was no end to his practical jokes. More than once he had passed off on the quartermaster-sergeant a half-bred did not know any better—messes of mesquite beans, gathered off the bushes to replace those sent by his mother, which he sounded had sold to the post-trader for a few quarters to gamble with, and which the poor officer wondered what had half poisoned him. Although Noltche had never heard of the Bible, she was a firm believer in the Scriptural warning against sparing the rod meant spoiling the child; and Jim, already an overgrown lout nearly 20 years old, was very often reminded of it with a big club, which his mother kept ready at hand for the purpose. But he could not overcome his prankish propensity, and the quartermaster, having had from after-taste an unpleasant suspicion that he had eaten unknowingly more than one dead cat and turkey-buzzard since his arrival at Mojave, was compelled at last to insist that Jim should thereafter bring his rabbits and wild turkeys *au natural*, instead of already dressed.

One morning Noltche rushed into the quartermaster's office in the wildest state of excitement. Her fat cheeks were bedewed with tears, and she rung her chubby old hands together in a frenzy of despair.

"Quart-mast!" she cried, as she came in, "come quick right away—Vuelva presto, pronto—my son—my Lying Jim—me querido muchacho—other Indians want to kill him!"

It seems that Lying Jim, in addition to his other claims as a disreputably useful member of Mojave society, was an Indian doctor; his knowledge of materia medica and the American pharmacopœia, such as it was, having probably been picked up while loafing about the post hospital. Nevertheless, in the professional heirarchy obtaining among the Mojaves, he came next in order to the medicine man, whose functions and attributes pertain more to those of a priest or seer than to the art of healing the body—the bond of union between the two being that one is about as great a humbug as the other. If the patient undergoing his treatment recovers, the Indian Galen waits for his fee with such patience as he may until he gets it, which may be soon or late, often never. If the patient dies, the doctor goes with him, in order that his ghost may accompany the soul of his patient to the happy hunting-grounds for a more accurate diagnosis and a surer prognosis the next time his professional service may be required in the spirit land.

Now, as nearly as could be made out through the medium of Noltche's polygot olla podrida of pure Mojave, broken English and mongrel Spanish, poor Lying Jim, owing to a professional mishap, stood in that very predicament, and unless a special providence, in the shape of the quartermaster, intervened between him and his now probable destiny, his chances of being transferred to a high sphere of mendacity were most excellent.

The Indian professionals in a remarkably prompt goddess, who never allows the grass to grow under her feet if she possibly can help it; and the quartermaster knew that if she possibly can help it, and the quartermaster knew that if the beloved reprobate —Noltche's Benoni—was to be saved from an untimely fate (providing he had not already encountered it) the rescuing provider must be up with the delay wings. He therefore directed his buggy to be gotten ready instantly to take him to the scene of Jim's forthcoming execution down the valley.

"No bogy! No bogy, Quart-mast!" cried Confidence, with wild impatience, as she heard the order. "No bogy, or you will have to go round by the carre-ta-avunye—the waggon road—and follow the river. Get on caballo quick, and take the avunye—the trail—the Yuma avunye, caro Quartmast; it's two miles shorter! Vamonos a prisa; in suplico por el nino muchacho! Venga conmigo—come with me on the caballo!"—which the quartermaster did at once, as fast as the horse could carry him.

On reaching Noltche's usually quiet color ed wickiup, rising in the middle of her little garden patch, he found it the centre of a confusion worse than confounded. Surrounded by all the tribe, shrieking, "Mookio, mookio, muerte, muerte"—"Death, death"—poor Jim, in the cast-off undress of a first lieutenant of United States infantry, about to be forever dishonored in the disgrace of an ignoble death, was pulling away backward as hard as he could, like a refractory mule, at one end of a tolerably long rope fastened with a hangman's loop around his neck, while half a dozen stalwart Indian bucks were hauling away lustily forward fully as mulish at the other, in the direction of the river, with the intention of drowning him in it like a worthless pup with a big stone hanging from his neck.

It is more than probable that lazy Lying Jim had never in his life put forth such exertion as the little wiry squaw was making, and the river was looming up most ominously in the near distance; when Providence, with a strong cowhide mule whip and a pair of loaded revolvers buckled around its waist, appeared on horseback upon the scene, and quickly changed the aspect of affairs generally by laying its whip as hard as it could over and across the shoulders of the foremost team of bucks at once let go the rope and backed to the rear behind the squaws, howling with pain and disappointment.

The quartermaster, however, was soon surrounded by a crowd of yelling Mojaves, male and female, who resented his interference with their ancient custom; and matters were beginning to look serious when Confidence, blowing like a hippopotamus with her long run from the post, flung herself among them with the momentum of a battering ram, and catching her scapegrace son by the scruff of the neck, quickly dragged him near the quartermaster's horse, where the three together formed a defensive triangle.

Matters waxing from bad to worse, the officer was about to draw his revolver, when Noltche, turning her head toward him, quickly whispered:

"Quart-mast, give them pesos—mucho pesos—and Indians won't drown Lying Jim."

The quartermaster saw the point, and acted upon her advice at once, as the best thing he could be done under the circumstances. Summoning the relations of the dead patient to his side, he soon effected a diplomatic compromise, which deprived the departed ghost of all future medical attendance and left him a solitary wanderer on the banks of the Styx, while it took nearly a month's pay out of the poor quartermaster's pocket; for it was absolutely wonderful to see, as soon as the first few pesos had been handed to the appearance, how many poor relations the dead man left behind him to mourn his loss —nothing short of the whole tribe.

Having driven away the vultures from the folds of their "gee-strings"—for with the exception of Lying Jim's blue trousers there was not a single pair of breeches among them all—the whole crowd, under mother's son of them, made a presto change of family base, and with the perverse blindness of public opinion, which cringes to a man when he is up and kicks him when he is down, they gave up the dead as soon as he was paid for, and transferred their allegiance and family ties, then and there, to Lying Jim, who, instead of being drowned like a mongrel cur, found himself all at once standing at the top of the heap, with more brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, bowing to him from beneath than he had ever before or knew what to do with.

As he rode back to the post the quartermaster, with his hands in his empty pockets, fell into a musing fit, and made a small calculation, mental arithmetical, which proved to his entire satisfaction that modern Old Man of the Sea—cyclept Noltche, the Mojave—was a pretty heavy load for a man of his size to carry, and that unless he shook her off in the very short order—herself and her Lying Jim—the incubus would soon compel him to inquire his way to the nearest poor house.

So he shook her never in all his life before carried a pistol on his person unless duty compelled him to do so, at once sat down to his desk and wrote an order for two of the very best revolvers that money could procure in San Francisco, which he proposed to wear as daily ornaments, and for a wonder the stage robbers did not get them on the way, and they reached him safely.

He had just unpacked them when his door opened, and who should walk in but his old friend, Lying Jim, with "Aqui estoy, Teniente, Quartmast, how do, hey?"

"Why, Lying Jim!" exclaimed the quartermaster, very much surprised at his appearance so far from home. "What are you doing here? Come in and sit down—you were about the only scoundrel wanting in this infernal hole!"

"Quartmast," replied Jim, seriously, as he took a chair, and sat down in it with an air of offended dignity, "Me no more Lying Jim; me change my name; me honest Jim now."

"Well," answered the quartermaster, with a shriek of laughter at his manner and his statement, "I congratulate you on your selection, at any rate. But what have you done so far to deserve it, John?"

"Oh, not much, es verdad," answered Jim, unbending a little, "but I will by and by—me no falters—I won't fall!"

And picking up the new revolvers, one after the other, he examined them very carefully, and laid them down again upon the table with the complimentary remark, "Son muy buenas, los pistolas; very, very good, mucho buenas!"

He had much to say about matters in general at Mojave, and a great deal more about his mother in particular, who sent, through her dear son, her best love and kindest wishes to the Senor Teniente.

Before he got through, the hotel bell up the street rang for dinner, and the quartermaster left him in charge of the office, after presenting him with a couple of pesos and some cigars to smoke until he returned.

When he came back after eating his dinner, Jim was gone and the pistols also.

The quartermaster went all over the house and looked into every corner, but Jim was not in any of them, nor the pistols either. He went all over the town, but unavailingly—Jim had disappeared, and the pistols with him.

"The infernal rascal," shouted the irate Teniente, when he realized at last that a sneak-thief had combined with the stage robbers to worry his life out. "I was right when I told him he was the only scoundrel wanting in this abominable place; but if ever I lay eyes on him again, I'll flay him alive. Honest Jim, indeed! I'll honest him, if ever I catch him; I will, by the Eternal!" And being thus orphaned of temporal weapons to defend it, he rested his fate in the hands of a kind Providence, and went on in the even tenor of his way.

Late one night, about a week afterward, the quartermaster was very busy at his desk, trying to catch up with his accounts, which were very much behind time.

Outside all sounds were hushed, and the inside silence was only disturbed by the monotonous tick of the office clock, as it counted the hours fast passing away one by one. The stillness was almost impressive—it would have been positively so, had it not been for the tick of the clock and the scratch of his pen.

All at once, as he was trying with corrugated brows to prove on his account current that two and two made four, the flimsy office door was burst open by a powerful kick without, and he found himself face to face with two Mexican half-breeds each with a full-cocked revolver in his right hand, pointing straight in his face, who shouted, both at once, "Throw up your hands, you ——"

Before he could either comply or make any reply, he was half stunned by a very lightning flash coming from behind his desk, within a few feet of his face, immediately followed in quick succession by the loudly detonated report of two guns, and a sensation of a hot iron touching him on the shoulder, and a heavy weight pressing him down. Confidence, blowing like a hippopotamus with her long run from the post, flung herself among them with the momentum of a battering ram, and catching her scapegrace son by the scruff of the neck, quickly dragged him near the quartermaster's horse, where the three together formed a defensive triangle.

Matters waxing from bad to worse, the officer was about to draw his revolver, when Noltche, turning her head toward him, quickly whispered:

"Quart-mast, give them pesos—mucho pesos—and Indians won't drown Lying Jim."

The quartermaster saw the point, and acted upon her advice at once, as the best thing he could be done under the circumstances. Summoning the relations of the dead patient to his side, he soon effected a diplomatic compromise, which deprived the departed ghost of all future medical attendance and left him a solitary wanderer on the banks of the Styx, while it took nearly a month's pay out of the poor quartermaster's pocket; for it was absolutely wonderful to see, as soon as the first few pesos had been handed to the appearance, how many poor relations the dead man left behind him to mourn his loss —nothing short of the whole tribe.

Having driven away the vultures from the folds of their "gee-strings"—for with the exception of Lying Jim's blue trousers there was not a single pair of breeches among them all—the whole crowd, under mother's son of them, made a presto change of family base, and with the perverse blindness of public opinion, which cringes to a man when he is up and kicks him when he is down, they gave up the dead as soon as he was paid for, and transferred their allegiance and family ties, then and there, to Lying Jim, who, instead of being drowned like a mongrel cur, found himself all at once standing at the top of the heap, with more brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, bowing to him from beneath than he had ever before or knew what to do with.

As he rode back to the post the quartermaster, with his hands in his empty pockets, fell into a musing fit, and made a small calculation, mental arithmetical, which proved to his entire satisfaction that modern Old Man of the Sea—cyclept Noltche, the Mojave—was a pretty heavy load for a man of his size to carry, and that unless he shook her off in very short order—herself and her Lying Jim—the incubus would soon compel him to inquire his way to the nearest poor house.

So he shook her never in all his life before carried a pistol on his person unless duty compelled him to do so, at once sat down to his desk and wrote an order for two of the very best revolvers that money could procure in San Francisco, which he proposed to wear as daily ornaments, and for a wonder the stage robbers did not get them on the way, and they reached him safely.

He had just unpacked them when his door opened, and who should walk in but his

PENSIONS. The following pensions have been granted Maine people:

ORIGINAL.

Geo. A. Wood.
Alfred K. Brock.
Alonzo F. Barrows.
Margaret, mother of John McKay.
Vianah, widow of Charles A. Edgecomb.
Abel H. Pratt.
Thomas O. Whitney.
Daniel S. Young.
Henderson S. Maker.
Henry Norton.
Alfred Towle.
Joseph L. Cobb.
Charles G. Bachelder.
Charles H. Hickey.
Widow of John M. Hamlin.
Isaac B. Sloan.
Calvin Knowlton.
James Redman.
Alden Gilman.
Jeremiah Foley.
Henry Milner.
George W. Nickerson.
Jacob Dunnell.
James Fairbrother.
Henry Houstin.
Daniel Sylvester.
Wesley E. Brown.
Frank Lovely.
Charles Marshall.

INCREASE.

James L. Marston.
Freeman H. Curtis.
Benjamin H. Pease.
Amos Treadwell.
Augustus Eldredge.
Wm. E. Boulay.
Wm. Parish.
Thomas Stewart.
Wm. C. Chaney.
Wm. Reynolds.
Horatio S. Gates.
Sylvanus D. Long.
L. Hopkins.
Meiville B. Cook.
Patrick McGuire.
Thomas Stewart.
John S. Longfellow.
Sylvanus Bubier.
Leroy Lander.
Lander Rand.
David A. Blake.
Charles A. Dolliver.
Orrington Rowe.
James Miller.
Jerry L. McIntire.
Orrington Gowan.
Orrison Morton.
Isaac F. Smith.
Leonard L. Rose.
Elisha D. Emerson.
Abial Hawkins.
John A. Monk.
Richard M. Rhoda.
George F. Jones.
Israel Wakefield.
Sumner S. Bradford.
Timothy D. Guptill.
Libbeus H. Jones.
Benjamin F. Whitmore.
Nathaniel A. Smith.
Francis L. Williams.
Joseph Page.
Horatio S. Gates.
Bradford B. Norton.
M. Gray.
Roscoe Titcomb.
Harriet, widow of Walker Getchell.
Joseph L. Clough.
Olive, widow of Joseph Bent, alias Blake.
Bradford B. Norton.
Eben Eiwell.
John Gulley.
Levi Chapman.
William H. Doughty.
Augustus G. Atwater.
Sewall L. Phillips.
Hiram Tobey.
Samuel N. Norman.
Lt. S. Miller, navy.
Joel O. Gryer.
Geo. G. Williams.
Bob't B. Hirwin, navy.
Charles H. Tibbetts.
Charles H. Robbins.
Henry Bicker, Jr.
Edward A. Stewart, navy.
Joshua Brown.
Wilson H. Irwin, navy.
William H. Sweeney.
John Rastman.
Edward P. Shaw.
Francis Dwelley, navy.
Joseph H. Bean.
Rufus Robbins.
William Miller.

REISSUE AND INCREASE.

James H. Rackliff.

ORIGINAL INVALID.

Jeremiah Bean.
Nathaniel Meands.
Richard Fleming.
Gilbert Wardwell.
Nathaniel D. Chase.
John N. Lyons.
John W. Merrill.
Mariner Smith.
Joshua T. Knowlton, Samuel Ulmer, navy.
navy.
Jesse B. Strout.

Sumner Emery, Jr.
Hosea S. Greenlaw.
Thomas L. Arnold.

ORIGINAL WIDOWS.

Mercy J., widow of Bradbury Hall.
Martha Merrill, former widow of Benjamin Tarr, 2d.

WIDOWS, ETC.

REISSUE.

Charles H. Knox. Hiram Horn.

WHAT THE GOOSE BONE SAYS. Henry Stillman, of Woodstock, the goose bone prophet of Eastern Connecticut. He gets his bone from a goose that is hatched in May, and when Henry Stillman is bending across the kitchen stove to read the future each fall, all Windham county is hushed, and it hearkens to the prophecy. Wiggins and De Voe and even Uncle Daboll, of Groton, who have been getting out "almanacks" yearly for the past 12 years, may do very well fumbling with the weather during the rest of the year, but when the fall wind comes piping over the hills, and the "frost is on the punkin," then Henry Stillman sits down with the goose bone, and something happens that is "tolerabl' aartin."

Mr. Stillman consulted the bone last week, and his prediction has been published orally all over the eastern end of the State. Prediction is a weak, narrow word to apply to the information the bone gives Mr. Stillman doesn't predict; he determines. "It is going to be an open winter," he says, and "that settles it," says Windham county.

The bone, hanging by the side of Mr. Stillman's kitchen chimney, and by which he ciphers out the season, shows a row of dots around its shank, and those dots announce what the temperature is going to be. The darker the spots the colder the weather, is the reading of the bone. Then there are the circular marks which divide the bone into the three winter months. The space between the first partitions, January the next apartment and February the remaining one. Mild, regular weather will prevail in all the months and it will be milder even than last winter. There will be few days on which running water will freeze. The coldest weather will be in the latter half of January, when there will be some frosts of considerable severity. "Near the point of the bone," says the seer, "is a marked discoloration, indicating that the last month of winter will give decided intimation of the season's changes." Christmas will be a green one, but it will be wet and cold. January will step in warm and sunny, but soon will turn cold, but not very cold. The coldest day will be January 27. There is going to be a "reg'lar old-time Jinlwary thaw," and February will have a "thawey spell," too. October will be a cold, disagreeable month, with heavy rains and snows. There will be an early spring, but February will melt into March in a diasstrous thaw, in which the features will be, swollen mountain streams and terrible floods.

Faith in the goose bone is invincible in this part of the State, and each year many farmers are wont to take one from the May goose, and it is dried and hung in the front hall or against the chimney in the kitchen. There it dangles until spring in the next year. The best bone is taken from a goose that has a trace of wild blood in its veins. But not every one can read a goose bone as Henry Stillman is able to do it.

The popular hotel "Bay View," Camden, H. E. Capen, landlord, with capacity of eighty guests, has been filled to its utmost capacity during the past season. Two thousand names have been registered since Mr. Capen, who has had experience in hotel business at "Silver Lake Hotel" Katahdin Iron Works and at the "Rinlo," Moosehead Lake, took the house last June. The house is well finished and furnished, and Mr. Capen understands his business.

Drive the work in the poultry yard for the next few weeks, and thus get ahead of the rains of November.

Who can tell by actual experience what it costs per head to keep a flock of hens?

The peanut crop in Kansas is immense.

Horse Department.

Don't feed too liberally on grain, for unless given abundant exercise the colt will for the first month or two eat so much as to throw them out of condition, or as breeders put it, "off its feed." A well balanced ration of good hay and grain will, in the long run, give the best results. Extreme rations of grain are neither profitable nor healty.

If possible, give the colts a few quarts of skimmed milk daily, after they come to the barn or are weaned. It will lighten the grain bill, and give full as good results. At all hazards, do not allow the colts to stop growing. Growth, not fat, is what is wanted. If the ration be fat producing, the colt may be more attractive to the visitor, but it cannot make growth. Keep it in good healthy, growing condition, and protect from excess of fat as well as from want of flesh. Bone, muscle and flesh—these are the foundation on which to build. Fat can be supplied very easily and quickly when wanted.

The small value of time records as denoting the true quality of a race horse is well illustrated in the present stallion record. Maxie Cobb virtually heads the list by one-half second at 2.13¼; but a horse leseque that such a horse should be called the stallion king, when courage and race horse qualities are considered! What a poor showing Maxie makes compared with Bonnie McGregor, 2.13½; Palo Alto, 2.13¾; Patron, 2.14¼; Nelson, 2.14¼, or Alcryon, 2.16¼. For years I have argued that no horse should acquire a record except it was made in a race, and public opinion has come to regard "tin cup" records, as they are termed, at their true value, which is very *little*. The game, resolute race horse is what electrifies the public; not the faint-hearted mongrel that can go to the half like the wind, or possibly, if carefully rated, can go a mile very fast. Speed is the first essential in breeding the two loudly denounced enemies to speed, a bulldog courage to fight is added, the trotter is of little value, except as a road horse, and even then the majority of road riders prefer a stout heart.—*Ex.*

The trotting season in Maine is about over, and the colts have made their records to be placed against those of former years. The yearling mark for Maine bred stock drops from 3.12 to 2.57, the two-year-old from 2.42 to 2.33, while the three-year old record made by Nelson four years ago, 2.20¼—remains thus far unchallenged; the four-year-old has been placed at 2.20¼. This is a showing of which every breeder, yea, every lover of a good horse will enjoy. We have not reached the extreme of speed shown by youngsters elsewhere, where three-year-olds trot in 2.13¼, but taking the years as they run, commencing with the first colt stakes trotted, and each season tells a good story of increase of speed.

The question now is, what will 1890 reveal? Where shall we look for the yearling to beat the record made by Lizzie Miller at Canton? Who will bring out a two-year-old capable of taking the place now held by Palm? To what breeding establishment, or what Maine bred colt, will we look for a three-year-old to steal away the honors so long resting on the son of Young Roife? What four-year-old will discount the record made by Elmbrook? Those who control the breeding of our own State, and therefore are more valuable to the stock interests than would otherwise be possible. There is work in store for him who assumes to beat these figures in either class, yet the performances of another year will be measured by these standards. There is no time to discuss the question of development or non-development of colts, the facts are before us, the colts have been developed and the public will demand performances of like merit or they will not be stow their commendation. The success of the breeding establishment in the future will rest upon the uniformity of the offspring and the records they make.

A glance at the following table of ages, when famous trotters secured their best records, will sustain the claim so often made against our development of the colts. That education is necessary to sustain the claim of merit, and to secure the highest advantages in breeding, no one can doubt, but it is another matter altogether to force a colt to its extreme speed, and strain every muscle to obtain the lowest record possible:

"In these days of early maturity and development the following table may be interesting and encouraging to those amateur breeders who cannot succeed in placing a horse in the thirty list before he is a colt. It is taken from the 2.30 list for the year ending Dec. 31, 1888, and shows the ages at which 2,217 horses in that list first recorded there made their best records; At two years, 8; three years, 67; four years, 114; five years, 172; six years, 261; seven years, 363; eight years, 267; nine years, 281; ten years, 220; eleven years, 173; twelve years, 115; thirteen years, 66; fourteen years, 38; fifteen to twenty, 41.

The greatest number of records was made at eight years of age, and close upon that followed the horses of seven years. Nine years and six were not far apart, and five and eleven are separated by a length only, as are four and twelve years. Of those fifteen years and over there are 41, inclusive of such names as Goldsmith Maid, 17; Indicator, 19; Lucy, 15; Prince, 17; Storm, 17, etc. Close on the years of these follow the names of Flora Temple, 14; George M. Patchen, 11; George Wilkes, 12; Lady Thorn 13, and Red Cloud, 14. The records of these horses have been equaled by two and three-year-olds, but in nearly every instance the record is followed by rumors of poisoning, etc., and the owner has the privilege of nursing a magnificent cripple for the rest of its natural life. When they go wrong they are put into the harem or the stud, and the untested have the all-important question which haunts the breeder, is he acquired or developed ailment transmissible? If we believe the trotting gait and speed to be transmissible (we do) we must show our belief in it by breeding to performers), we must accept the theory that all physical acquisitions are transmissible, *ergo*, we not soon have more early and youthful cripples than we want?

Flora Temple was foaled 1845, appeared in 1853, and was on the turf nine years, until the war ended her career. Her great competitor, George M. Patchen, said by Woodruff to have been the greatest horse of his day, was foaled 1849, appeared in 1857, at eight years of age, and died in 1864. Six years on the track.

The trio of mares come next. Lady Thorn, 1856, appeared at seven in 1863, and was disabled by an accident after seven years of active service. Lucy, 1857, trotted at eight, and for eight years afterwards. The third, Goldsmith Maid, 1857, began her real work at ten years, in 1867, and never missed a season up to September, 1877, when she retired as sound as when she began her work. Where are their equals?"

I had the pleasure of stopping with Capt. E. H. Goudy of Bristol, and seeing his fine stock of cattle and horses. Mr. Goudy is now arranging his stable for horse breeding. At the head of his department is a fine, young, blood Cleveland Bay stallion, Rubens, foaled May 30th, 1887, bred by W. M. Fields & Bro., Cedar Falls, Iowa, of imported stock. This colt has good proportions, and has a remarkable record. His winnings in 1888 were first in both the State Fairs of Iowa and Nebraska, also the silver medal offered as a special premium by the Iowa Bay Society of America. He also won the second at the Toledo Fair, in class horses of all work. In color he is a beautiful dark bay, with black points, stands 15-3 hands high, and weighed, when two years old, 1100 lbs; he is very stylish and showy on the road, and will make a horse, when fully matured, weigh-1300 lbs. Rubens is a horse that will command the admiration of the horseman, as he possesses all the desirable points to make him invaluable as a stock getter. Rubens stands at owner's stable. Terms $20. Mr. Goudy also has a pair of matched half blood Cleveland mares for breeding and work. These mares are own sisters, six and seven years old, weight 1200 and 1200 lbs., well matched in every way, and a very nice pair. He also has a year old filly, Highland Girl, by Messenger Wilkes, dam by Dr. Franklin, 3d dam by Hazard, half sister to Palm, record 3.33 at Lewiston State Fair. This is a very promising colt. Also a fine brood mare, Baby Woodlawn by Woodlawn, dam by Gilbreth Knox; this mare is 16 hands high, color dark bay, with white hind feet. This is a very finely bred colt, and a very desirable one for a man just starting a stock farm. Mr. Goudy also has several head of pure blood Hereford cattle, at the head a fine 3 year old bull, Adonis, who took the sweepstakes at the fair last year. This stock is looking very fine. F. W.

The greatest number of records was made at eight years of age, and close upon that followed the horses of seven years. Nine years and six were not far apart, and five and eleven are separated by a length only, as are four and twelve years. Of those fifteen years and over there are 41, inclusive of such names as Goldsmith Maid, 17; Indicator, 19; Lucy, 15; Prince, 17; Storm, 17, etc. Close on the years of these follow the names of Flora Temple, 14; George M. Patchen, 11; George Wilkes, 12; Lady Thorn 13, and Red Cloud, 14. The records of these horses have been equaled by two and three-year-olds, but in nearly every instance the record is followed by rumors of poisoning, etc., and the owner has the privilege of nursing a magnificent cripple for the rest of its natural life. When they go wrong they are put into the harem or the stud, and the untested have the all-important question which haunts the breeder, is he acquired or developed ailment transmissible? If we believe the trotting gait and speed to be transmissible (we do) we must show our belief in it by breeding to performers), we must accept the theory that all physical acquisitions are transmissible, *ergo*, we not soon have more early and youthful cripples than we want?

Flora Temple was foaled 1845, appeared in 1853, and was on the turf nine years, until the war ended her career. Her great competitor, George M. Patchen, said by Woodruff to have been the greatest horse of his day, was foaled 1849, appeared in 1857, at eight years of age, and died in 1864. Six years on the track.

The trio of mares come next. Lady Thorn, 1856, appeared at seven in 1863, and was disabled by an accident after seven years of active service. Lucy, 1857, trotted at eight, and for eight years afterwards. The third, Goldsmith Maid, 1857, began her real work at ten years, in 1867, and never missed a season up to September, 1877, when she retired as sound as when she began her work. Where are their equals?"

I had the pleasure of stopping with Capt. E. H. Goudy of Bristol, and seeing his fine stock of cattle and horses. Mr. Goudy is now arranging his stable for horse breeding. At the head of his department is a fine, young, blood Cleveland Bay stallion, Rubens, foaled May 30th, 1887, bred by W. M. Fields & Bro., Cedar Falls, Iowa, of imported stock. This colt has good proportions, and has a remarkable record. His winnings in 1888 were first in both the State Fairs of Iowa and Nebraska, also the silver medal offered as a special premium by the Iowa Bay Society of America. He also won the second at the Toledo Fair, in class horses of all work. In color he is a beautiful dark bay, with black points, stands 15-3 hands high, and weighed, when two years old, 1100 lbs; he is very stylish and showy on the road, and will make a horse, when fully matured, weigh-1300 lbs. Rubens is a horse that will command the admiration of the horseman, as he possesses all the desirable points to make him invaluable as a stock getter. Rubens stands at owner's stable. Terms $20. Mr. Goudy also has a pair of matched half blood Cleveland mares for breeding and work. These mares are own sisters, six and seven years old, weight 1200 and 1200 lbs., well matched in every way, and a very nice pair. He also has a year old filly, Highland Girl, by Messenger Wilkes, dam by Dr. Franklin, 3d dam by Hazard, half sister to Palm, record 3.33 at Lewiston State Fair. This is a very promising colt. Also a fine brood mare, Baby Woodlawn by Woodlawn, dam by Gilbreth Knox; this mare is 16 hands high, color dark bay, with white hind feet. This is a very finely bred colt, and a very desirable one for a man just starting a stock farm. Mr. Goudy also has several head of pure blood Hereford cattle, at the head a fine 3 year old bull, Adonis, who took the sweepstakes at the fair last year. This stock is looking very fine. F. W.

Young Folks' Column.

[Now that the summer's work is over, and school has begun, the boys and girls are expected to renew their contributions to this column, writing on the various subjects that have interested them during the season. ED.]

Thetis.

Little mother-cat, Thetis, sat upon the wood-shed loft, wondering if, after all, she had chosen the best place for her little ones, those six wee kittens curled up on a rug near by. Surely there was great noise and confusion below, she thought.

The wood-shed was unusually dark and still, and only her master came and went with a kind word for her, and a query for the babies' welfare.

"Will those noisy children ever go?" said she anxiously peering over the edge of the loft. "I want to go down for my dinner, but I dare not leave my children alone."

Just then the old loft shook and creaked with the motion of a swing hung to a rafter, in which two of the children were riding at once, and merry voices waked all the drowsy spiders in all the dusty corners.

"Dear me," thought the little mother, "this place isn't safe; I must move tomorrow. What can master be about to let those children come here?"

She crept back to the rug, just to assure herself that the babies were all safe, and give them a little motherly lick.

But all the wee, blind kittens woke up at once and began to cry, so that the little mother was much more anxious than before.

"Hush, my dears," said she; "do try to go to sleep again. Some one may come up here if you cry so loud."

Just then the children cried out, "Kittens! kittens! grandpa! I hear them. Come and hunt for Thetis' kittens."

Mother Thetis listened with growing fear. Who might the grandpa be? Some strange creature even more dangerous than the children, perhaps.

But there was no help for it; they were surely climbing the ladder.

It was no use to try to "move" then, because she could carry only one kitten at a time, and the others might meet with misfortune in her absence. And it crossed her mind, wistfully, that once before in an absence her little family had dwindled from five to two.

Above the ladder came a curly head, then another, and a baby girl in grandpa's arms.

"Then grandpa must be another name for master, and I am sure he won't hurt us," said Thetis to her babies, trying to sit up in front of them as if she were alive.

But, nevertheless, all the wee kittens were discovered, and handled about, to the great distress of the little mother.

At last the children clambered down and ran away, and the echoes and the dusty spiders went to sleep again.

Thetis waited anxiously till nightfall, watching the little mother paws up aloft till she could see them no longer, and then, under cover of the dark, began to "move."

She picked up one baby in her mouth, so tenderly it did not wake even, and carried it carefully all the way to the woodpile.

She trotted fast along the path, brushed by the dewy grass as she went, and laid the wee kitten in a nest of chips under some logs piled crosswise.

To and fro she trotted briskly six times, till all the little damp kittens were safe in their new home, and the cares were happily ended.

For several days mother Thetis kept house under the woodpile, quite undisturbed. But the children found her out at last, and, strange to say, grandpa took her four babies away and forget to bring them back, and so Thetis was much occupied by moving again, she forgot them, too.

One cloudy journey by night, and the two little travelers were safe once more, hidden under a big burdock leaf in the turnip field.

Here they lived for nearly a week, when one day Peter, the farm hand, pulled up the big weed and told everybody where the kittens were, and everybody came to see.

They were so plump, and sat up among the turnip tops looking so wisely out of their new, blue eyes, the children came oftener than ever to see them, and Mother Thetis was obliged to move once more.

A journey on the hayrow was made, only to make another move necessary when the hay was put in.

Thetis grew so troubled at last that she couldn't remember how many babies there were, and often went back for a third when the two were safe in a new place.

She used to forget sometimes where she had moved to last, and had to sit and think and think before she remembered.

Even then she was often mistaken, and visited some of the empty nests before she arrived finally at the right one.

After a time Thetis left off keep the babies at home and hidden, with all her care, for they li